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No. 1,617



NOVEMBER 24, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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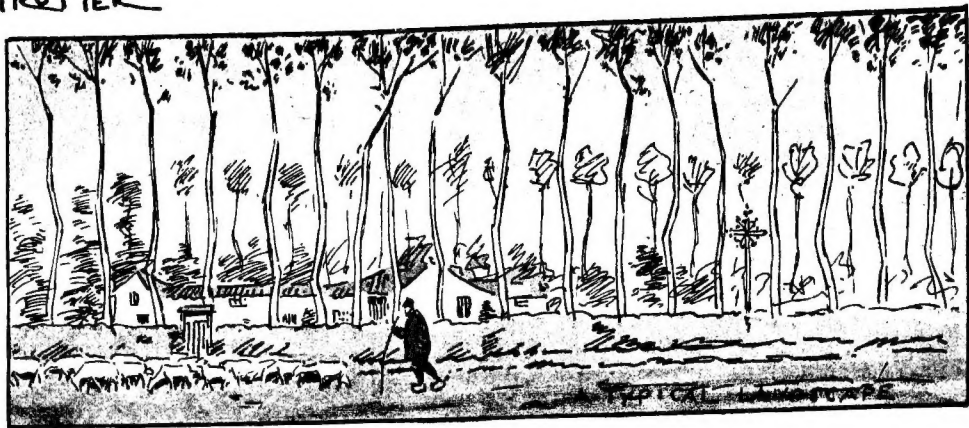
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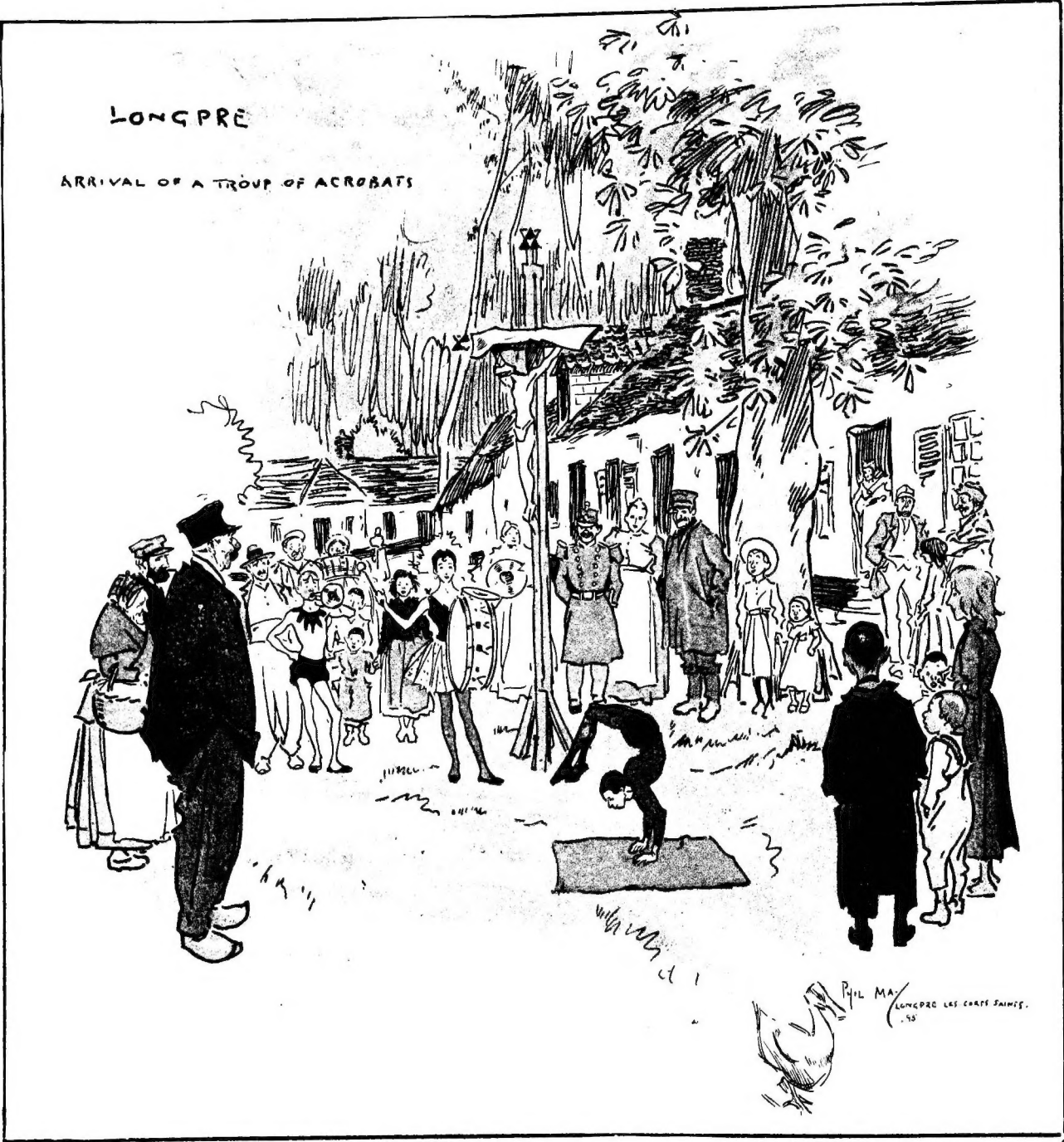
NOTES BY A GLOBE TROTTER
IN PICARDY



SUNDAY HATS.



THE FIRE MAN



LONGPRE

ARRIVAL OF A TROUP OF ACROBATS



SOME TYPES



SOMEBODY'S DARLING.



SKETCH
IN A CAFE

THE GRAPHIC

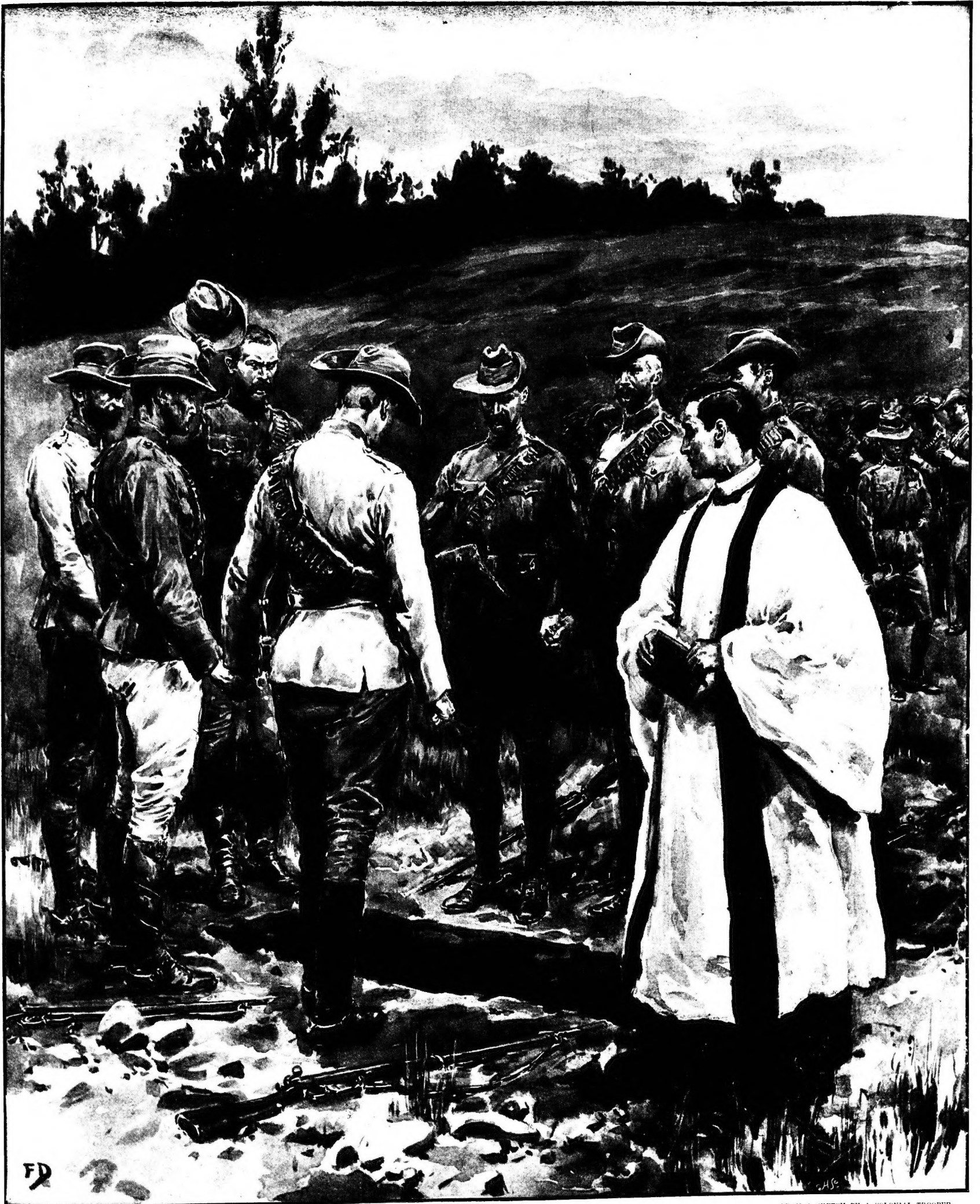
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,617.—VOL. LXII.
Registered as a Newspaper] EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1900

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS
"Queen and Colonials" and
"A Globe-Trotter in Picardy"

[PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.]



FROM A SKETCH BY A COLONIAL TROOPER

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

There was a most impressive scene at the burial of Lieutenant White, near Lichtenburg (writes a Colonial trooper, who sends the sketch which we reproduce to-day). Lieutenant White was treacherously shot at Mafeking, four miles east of Lichtenburg, while going to answer the white flag displayed by the Boers. He was the pet of the Bushmen's Corps. "We all loved him, and will avenge him," are his men's

own words. Colonel Mackay, the commanding officer of the Bushmen, is his brother-in-law. At the funeral his comrades replaced their hats on their heads, and joined hands together and swore most solemnly never again to recognise the white flag. The figure at the head with hat in hand is the sergeant-major—a very well-known Australian. The sergeant-major is a giant, but all the others stand over 6ft. high

AN OATH OF VENGEANCE: AT THE FUNERAL OF A VICTIM OF BOER TREACHERY

Topics of the Week

South Africa

OF fighting there is still plenty in South Africa, but although it shifts over a wide area and is exceedingly difficult to deal with, it has long ceased to possess the distinguishing features of war. The strategist's business is over, and Lord Roberts is probably only awaiting the restoration of his daughter's health to return home and take charge of the important work awaiting him in Pall Mall. That there is still a considerable force of Boers in the field is unfortunately true, but the numbers are not so great as their mobility would lead us to believe, and their resources cannot be very considerable. The task confronting the British authorities is of a police rather than a military character, and it is in recognition of that fact that the forces are being reorganised and fresh plans of campaign are being made. The thorough pacification of the country will, no doubt, be a weary business, but that it will yield to energy and statesmanship there can be no question. Many of the irreconcilables are, no doubt, bowed up with hopes connected with Mr. Kruger's mission to Europe. The ex-President is, probably, himself the chief victim of these hopes, for he is known to cherish a very high opinion of his own diplomatic ability and his personal influence in Europe. His disillusionment will take a little time, but it will come, and with it much of the resistance we are now encountering in South Africa will pass away, for this final disappointment will probably synchronise with the systematic repressions of the new police, and with the prospect of an early exhaustion of Boer ammunition and supplies. While the present situation lasts, however, it cannot but be fruitful of the most poignant misery. A peculiarly painful glimpse of its squalid horrors was afforded us the other day in a letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr. Morley. Incidents such as these are unhappily unavoidable. Indeed, were they avoided the military operations would only be prolonged with a loss of life on both sides which would be enormously increased. That the British military authorities are not erring on the side of severity will be patent to anyone who takes the trouble to read the official reports of the action of the Germans and Russians under similar circumstances in China. There are, however, dangers attending the reprisals on farmhouses and farm stock in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, which must not be ignored. In the first place, they must tend to render the Boers desperate, seeing that they have no hope in the future of recovering their civil positions, and, in the second place, they will saddle the new Government of the Colonies with a very serious problem in the shape of the disappearance of almost the whole agricultural industry. It has been suggested that the Imperial Government should hold out some inducement to the Boers to lay down their arms by a promise of aid to rebuild and restock their homesteads on their making due submission to the new order of things. Such a step, when all other hopes have been disappointed, would certainly deprive many of the guerrilla bands of the sentiment of desperation by which alone they will be animated. It would also be an earnest of the conciliatory policy which this country is anxious to inaugurate at the earliest possible moment.

Rosebery Redivivus

THE invitation given by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to Lord Rosebery is likely to have the most far-reaching effect on the prospects of the Liberal Party. It cannot be imagined that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would have given so formal and so explicit an invitation without consulting his principal colleagues, and without taking means to ascertain whether the Party, as a whole, would welcome Lord Rosebery back. That question may now be regarded as beyond dispute. A few of the extreme pro-Boers may, perhaps, still object to the return of Lord

Rosebery, but the bulk of the Party is evidently awaiting that event with eagerness. It is the only probable event that offers any hope of the rehabilitation of the Liberal Party. Among the other prominent men in the Party there is not one who is capable of uniting the warring factions into which the Liberal Party is now divided. Even Lord Rosebery will find the task difficult, for his strong Imperialistic views make him suspect to the Little Englanders. It is probably on this account that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in the same speech in which he invited Lord Rosebery to come back, took occasion to attack the Imperial Liberal Council, a body which represents the extreme section of Liberal Imperialists. This sop to the Little Englanders will make it easier for them to accept an Imperialist Leader. At the time of writing Lord Rosebery has made no reply, and has had no opportunity of replying, to the invitation made to him. It appears probable that the next step will be for the members of the Liberal Party in both Houses to meet and formally elect him their Leader. With this definite assurance of the confidence of the Party he would be able with profit to resume the position he laid down four years ago. When he does so it is certain that the effective strength of the Liberal Party will be immensely increased. It will have at its head a man of known opinions, and a man whose personality has inspired enthusiasm where other notable Liberals have only left behind a feeling of cold dissatisfaction. Men of moderate opinions who have for years held aloof from the Liberal Party, or even voted with the Tories, will now rally to an organisation that has inherited great traditions and may still have a great future before it. For the moment the work of the Liberals under Lord Rosebery must be critical rather than constructive. They are in Opposition, and their most important duty is to oppose. Under our system of party government the work of the country suffers immeasurably when the Ministry in power feels itself independent of the criticism of the Opposition. During the past five years the Unionist Ministry has enjoyed this independence. If the Liberals under Lord Rosebery do the duty that lies before them there will be a different tale to tell during the five years now beginning.

The Ashanti Collapse

WISER than the Boers, the rebel Ashantis have yielded to the stern logic of defeat. After offering all possible resistance to the British forces, and suffering, it is believed, very heavy losses, all their Kings and chiefs, with one exception, have made submission. They had hoped, no doubt, that the pursuit would stop at Kumassi, as on previous occasions, leaving them safe at whatever refuges in the interior they might reach. But Sir James Willcocks, whose entire management of this "little war" has done him the highest credit as a military commander, has the virtue of "thoroughness." No sooner, therefore, was Kumassi in his hands than he despatched flying columns to hunt down the broken enemy, and this re-adjustment of means to end has already produced the desired result. But the work of subjugation would not have been either so quick or so complete had not the commanders of the several punitive columns been instructed to be very sparing of leniency so long as any fugitive bands remained in the field. War is, and always must be, cruel work at the best, but the most merciful method is to shorten its duration by severity of coercion when once resistance has become futile. Neither is the saving efficacy of sharp punishment confined to the moment. One of the rebel Kings declared, after receiving crushing defeat at Intiagu, that never again would his tribe be so mad as to fight against the invincible English. That is precisely the sort of wholesome conviction which the Ashanti intellect needed to be inspired with. The country requires to be opened up to its farthest recesses for peaceful trade, and the Ashantis had to be taught by fear, since they made light account of friendship, that retribution attends those who presume to set their faces against the "Pax Britannica."

Winter Lectures for the Army

ON the eve of his retirement from the Commander-in-Chiefship Lord Wolseley has initiated a system of supplementary instruction for officers and non-commissioned officers which is sure to receive farther development from Lord Roberts. Commanding officers are directed to organise a course of winter lectures to be delivered by competent officers, while the soldiers are to receive similar teaching from their immediate commanders. This excellent scheme resembles, to some extent, the established method of imparting the theory of musketry instruction; both have lecturing for their ground plan. But Lord Wolseley improves upon the Hythe model by adding some directly practical teaching to the theoretical. Nothing could be better than calling upon individual officers, "irrespective of rank," to explain exactly what orders they would give if they suddenly found their commands in danger of one sort or another. During the South African campaign there have been many occasions on which promptness and rightness of judgment in certain situations would have saved detachments from the humiliation of surrender. In order to insure quickness of thought only a few minutes are to be allowed to the officer under catechism to excogitate his plan of action, and the reasons for giving it preference over other methods. Special attention is to be directed, we are glad to learn, to outposts, scouting and kindred vigilance work in the field. But the

art of scientific entrenching is not less deserving of inclusion in this new curriculum for Her Majesty's land forces. Neither officers nor men are nearly so well acquainted with it as the Boers have shown themselves to be.

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE unexpected announcement that Parliament is to re-assemble on December 3 has displeased no one except the official House. The new members are as eager to make their first appearance at Westminster as the average boy is to begin his life. The hotel-keepers are, of course, delighted for the top of Parliament and the short session will fill their hotels at a price of the year when visitors are scarce. Besides, there is a pressing that the re-assembling of Parliament in December not be unconnected with the declaration of Peace, the return of Lord Roberts, the triumphal entry of the troops into London, public rejoicings—all of which would make money circulate.

So few men now come to the front in the House that it is difficult to understand why so many are anxious to become members. The merely local man, of course, wishes to be elected, because representing the constituency, he is the foremost person in the district. Others look upon the House as a means of attaining some social standing in London. The particularly ambitious seek to obtain a baronetcy or a peerage by supporting the Party of the thick and thin, whilst the impecunious hope, as members of the House, to be appointed to directorships. There are those, who use the House as a stepping-stone to Government employment, and who get elected to Parliament merely to be better able to enter the House for the purpose of distinguishing themselves as legislators, or even hoping to reach the Front Benches.

An old member said that the House was like a chess board. There were those who from the beginning of their career in Parliament were kings, queens, bishops, knights, or castles, whilst the pawns might become queens, but seldom did. A member who is unconnected with one of the ruling families in the House must not only be a good speaker and a man of talent to come to the front, but must overcome a variety of obstacles which the leading men even on his own side will put in the way to stop his progress. He must make himself feared as much by his friends as by his enemies.

The Duke of Cambridge has not removed the scaffolding which was erected at Gloucester House for the return of the City Imperial Volunteers, and the Duke of Devonshire has left the wooden scaffolding over the lodge of Devonshire House which were put up on the same occasion. These are straws which show which way the wind blows. Obviously the Dukes of Cambridge and Devonshire know that another procession is to be expected almost immediately, and that it has been decided this is to pass through Piccadilly. The preparations must be for the return of Lord Roberts and a portion of his troops from South Africa. It is unlikely that Lord Roberts would enter London at the head of a few hundred men, and it is, therefore, unlikely that the procession will start from Fiddling's Hall, did the City Imperial Volunteers.

Having a clue it is possible to draw more or less intelligent inferences. As the procession is to pass through Piccadilly it is probable that it will come from Hyde Park, and, therefore, that the troops will be encamped there on the previous night. There are two objects which the procession may aim at apart from the one—the one, a thanksgiving service either at Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's; the other, a march past before the Queen at Buckingham Palace or at the Horse Guards' Parade. Why are all official discussions wrapped in mystery until the last moment? The sooner the authorities announce their intentions in this matter the more convenient the public will be assured, and the more easily it will be for all to make the necessary preparations. The authorities need not fix the day as yet, but they should announce what the procession will aim at, and through which thoroughfares it will pass.

The shocking accident near Bayonne, which wrecked the train in Europe by precipitating it over an embankment, shocked many in the West End, for it is by this express that English men and women travel continually. The dangers of the latter part of the journey—in the neighbourhood of Bayonne—have been frequently discussed in the West End clubs for a long time past. The newspapers have all committed the same error in describing one of the victims as the "Duc de Canavaro, Minister in Paris." The unfortunate traveller was Señor Canavaro, Duc de Zoagli, Peruvian Minister in London, Paris and Lima. His ducal title must have been recently conferred upon him. Whitaker's Almanac for 1899 he is described as "Minister in England and France, Señor Don José F. Canavaro, Legation, Park Place, S.W."

THE GOLDEN PENNY

Amongst the varied and interesting contents of this popular journal will be found in this week's number the following:—

- STRANGE DEATHS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.
- DONKEYS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.
- HATCHING FISH BY MACHINERY. With Illustration of the U.S.A. Fish Commission Car.
- THE ISLANDS WHICH BRITAIN HAS JUST ANNEXED. Fully Illustrated.
- TRICKS TO AMUSE THE YOUNGSTERS.
- NATURE NOTES. By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.
- THE BIRMINGHAM WATER SCHEME. With Illustrations of the Model Village in Wales.
- ABOUT THE APPLES WHICH HAVE TAKEN THE WORLD PRIZE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.
- A MUSEUM OF GHOST CURIOS.
- BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.
- THE STORY OF FAMOUS FOOTBALL CLUBS.—III. NOTTS COUNTY.
- CHAMPIONS OF SPORT. Len Hurst, Twenty Miles Record Holder.

"THE GRAPHIC" HISTORY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR 1899—1900.

- A COMPLETE NARRATIVE OF THE CAMPAIGN. By WENTWORTH HUYSHIE. WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS: THE CARE OF THE WOUNDED IN THE FIELD. By SIR W. MAC CORMAC, Bart., K.C.V.O., P.R.C.S. THE VOLUNTEERS IN THE CAMPAIGN. By COLONEL S. H. VINCENT, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P. THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY. By G. M. C. LUND, R.N., correspondent during the Investment. THE SIEGE OF MAFeking. By MAJOR F. D. FAIRLIE, Correspondent of the "Morning Post" during the Investment. THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH. By LIEUT. M. F. M. FAIRLIE, Lancers, who took part in the Defence. WITH ROBERTS TO BLOEMFONTEIN. By G. D. GIBBS, Artist-Correspondent of "The Graphic."

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Place aux Dames

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

A WOMAN'S play, written by a woman and admirably played by a woman. Such is the very interesting drama Mrs. Kendal presented to us at the Fulham Theatre last week. The male character with which both women are in love is certainly uninteresting, while the entire absence of any other men in the story creates a strange void. But the pathos, the tenderness, the poignancy and suppressed force of Mrs. Kendal's acting gave a reality to the scene which elevated it from the range of ordinary drama to that of real life. Would, however, so conscientious and good a woman as Mildred ever have committed suicide in order to give a husband and another woman happiness? I doubt it, and this is the blot on the play which leaves behind it a decided sense of dissatisfaction. The very best of womankind does not daily surrender her husband to his mistress without a struggle. Any belongs to virtuous love quite as much as to the love of the flesh, and Mildred was jealous. I think her character was too good and well balanced for her to entertain the idea of suicide, which, after all, is only the resource of the weak and the cowardly.

One of the most practical of modern maidens is the Queen of the Telephone. It seems she has had a telephone installed between her room and that where her fiancé lodges in order to communicate with him easily. The convenience of this arrangement is indisputable, but does it quite replace the old love letters, scrawled, blotted, but warm with passion and affection. Type-written letters, telegrams and telephones seem to extract all the life from a letter. It is the little personal touch which gives the value of anything, the look, the pressure of the hand, the welcome which the very scent that clings about the paper, the pause, the startled emotion. There is not a sigh or a blush about the telephone, with its idiotic inquiry of, Who are you? its hoarse caricature of the beloved voice, its matter-of-fact tones, and its general air of commercial utility. Will there be any poets in time to come who will find that all romance is being crushed out of our lives, and that the ugliness of everything grows more and more intensified?

The weather of the past week, though, doubtless, excellent for a husband, is especially trying to women in town, above all, to women who possess any coquetry. In the country, while the autumn tints are still golden and ruddy, while the holly leaves glisten, and the red berries glimmer from every hedgerow, where the reeds glow with a brilliancy of red and yellow fit to grace a painter's palette, one can put on a pair of thick boots and a short skirt and take an extremely and delightful walk—but in London—oh! in London the ways of a woman are many. Her trailing skirts must be held up, her gowns are filled with mud and umbrella, and perhaps a reticule, and her feet go out of curl, her dainty boots get covered with mud, her carefully arranged fringe grows limp and untidy, the rain takes the life out of her gowns and the sheen off the velvet of her mantle, the air is draughty and damp, omnibuses dirty and sticky with mud. If she walks she ruins her clothes, if she drives she spends pounds. Those who have carriages should go out in wet weather, and the harness and the liveries suffer. Truly, to be a man at such a time would be a boon, to turn up one's trousers, shoulder an umbrella and sally forth, sure that no rain can hurt, no sudden storm destroy the beauty of woollen tweeds and useful cloths.

And Boschery, in his admirable Rectorial speech at Glasgow, based on the students the necessity of being thorough. It is a peculiar weakness of Englishmen. We are rarely or never thorough. Women are even greater sinners in this respect. What a cause of the outcry about servants, of the number of unemployed maids and useless companions, of the disappointed women who are everywhere—art, the stage, music, literature or commerce? It is a lack of thoroughness. A kind of slapdash smartness which is used to cover incapacity, but only reveals it more fully. To give one instance, how few girls speak and read properly! When they stop, they hesitate, they run their words together, they do not stop, they ignore their commas. To be read to by a girl is supreme misery. Our mothers cultivated the art of reading out loud, as they did the art of curtsying and entering a name fully, they read out loud after dinner to the assembled company. In this way the great authors were read with profit and pleasure.

When was taught to read, and the result was a most beautiful and graceful delivery. The soft, sweet voice remains to this beautiful thing in woman till old age; beauty may go, but voice remains. I should like every girl to be taught to read and elocution as a part of ordinary education, and it would be at least fitted to sit beside a sick bed, to be a companion for the old, a soothing solace to her husband.

One of the golden cities is, I hear, in the air. I hope the idea of a garden city. We need it sadly. A garden where the women sit, where the girls can work in hygienic and pleasant surroundings, flowers, trees, and all that make life beautiful. It is a splendid ideal, and the time has come for it. The squalor and gloom of our great cities is what breeds crime, and the best of the crime which leads to crime.

One of the ladies' journal in America protests against the "fashionable" in ladies' rooms, which detracts from the sense of cleanliness. To this over-furnishing he attributes much of the women's nervousness and her breakdown in health. She says to publish. There is no doubt this applies to English as well. The amount of knick-knacks scattered about a room is a testimony to the work of the women and prevents any serious cleaning. There is not a table on which one can set so much as a cup of tea, and a clear place to write becomes an impossibility with the litter of gimcrack silver ornaments, vases and photographs scattered around her. Very few like an airy room in which one can move about freely, and they even express their astonishment when they find one.

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Tickets:—10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., can be obtained at the Hall, and at the Hospital from RICHARD KERSHAW, Secretary, or from the Manager of the Graphic, 190, Strand.

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The Bystander

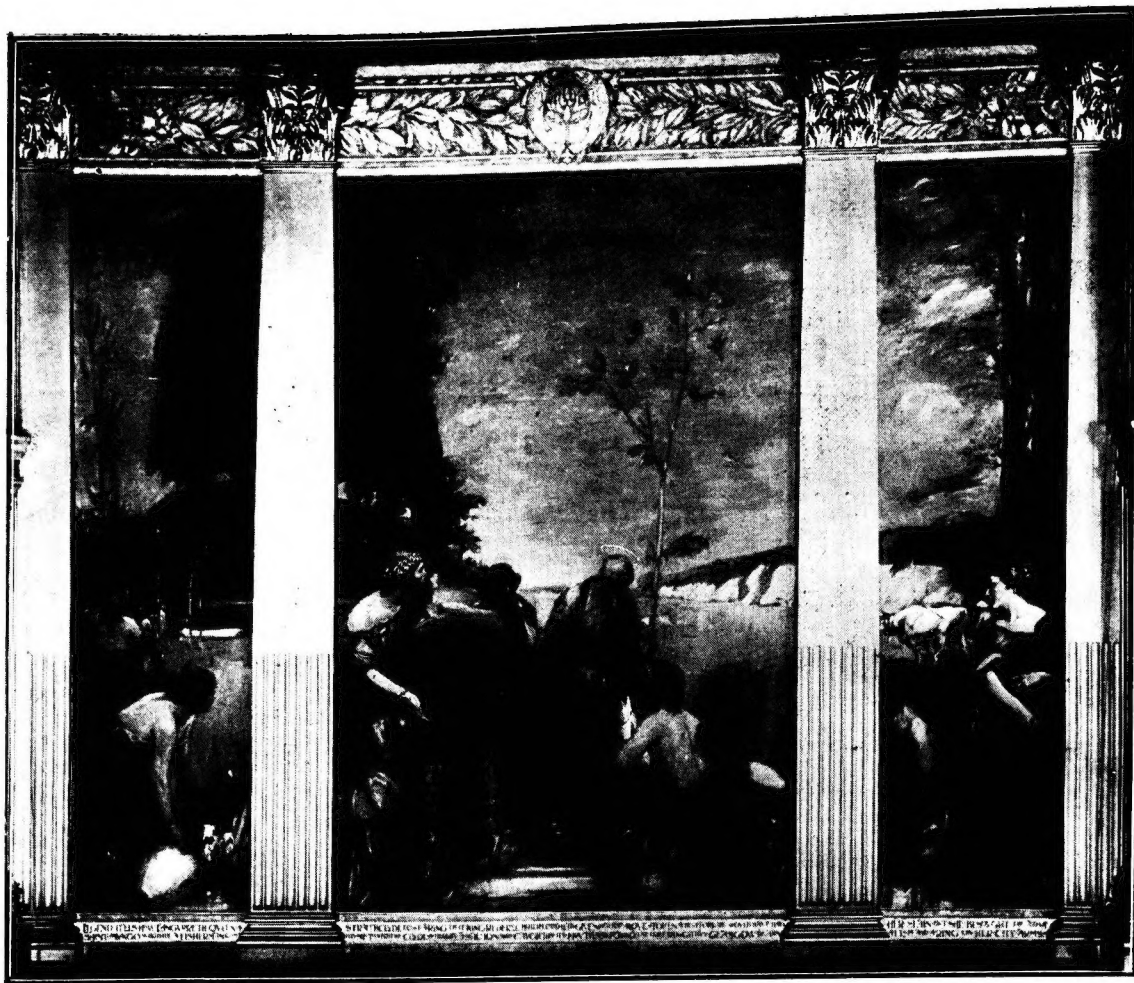
"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

SOME little while ago a number of authors furnished for a magazine some interesting particulars with regard to their first printed books, the pains and the pleasures connected therewith and the associations concerning them. Though these reminiscences were sufficiently amusing, I fancy they would have been more so had they been indited with regard to the first *written* volume. When an author achieves the glory of publication he is often a writer of experience, and not infrequently his first printed book is his best, though his subsequent volumes bring him in more money and achieve greater popularity. I am prompted to make these remarks by the announcement that the earliest work by the late John Ruskin will be sold at Messrs Sotheby's on December 6. It is called "The Puppet Show," and comprises thirty leaves of manuscript with fifty-seven original coloured drawings. This very juvenile production of the great man—written between the age of nine and ten—is one of very great interest, and is absolutely unique. By the way, talking of early written books, I have a little book of travels written when I was four years old. My family made a

lengthy sojourn in Jersey at that period, and this was to have been the account of my experiences in that pleasant island. Unfortunately my enthusiasm cooled, and the actual record of my travels does not extend much beyond Southampton. Now, if I had only—but I am reminded that I am not a Ruskin. No one is aware of the fact that I probably began to write at an early age. If, instead of rashly dipping my pen in the ink at the age of four, I had refrained from writing until I had attained nine years of discretion, there is no knowing what I might not have achieved.

A correspondent from New York writes me a long letter, and humourously upbraids me for my prejudice against motor-cars, and wishes to take me a few minutes in a well-ordered motor-car, as to bring about my conversion to the latest method of locomotion. I am greatly obliged to him for his kind offer, and if I were not so busy, I should be only too happy to accept of it, and I have no doubt that in a few minutes' conversation I should soon convince him that I stand in no need of a motor-car, and that I am not prejudiced. As a proof of this I may point out that three years ago, when the electric cars were first introduced into London, I was among the first to take a trial trip in one of them, and I subsequently wrote a long signed article in *The Daily Graphic* pointing out their numerous advantages. This paper, so I was told, along with Mr. A. S. Boyd's excellent illustrations, did not a little to make popular the



This painting, which has just been completed, is the work of Mr. Alexander Roche, R.S.A. It represents the legend of Queen Languoreth, of Strathclyde, who lost a ring which her lord, King Redereel, had given to her. The King would have had her slain, but she besought the aid of St. Mungo, who bade a fisherman cast his net into the Clyde. A salmon was caught, and in its mouth was the ring. The legend is commemorated by the fish and ring in the Arms of the City of Glasgow. The architect in charge of the scheme of decoration is Mr. W. Leiper, R.S.A. Our photograph is by T. and R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow.

NEW DECORATION IN THE BANQUETING HALL OF THE GLASGOW MUNICIPAL CHAMBERS

Road between hills known as Red Hill
 Final position of our guns
 Generals French and Gordon and Staff
 Kopje held all day by Inniskillings
 Occupied by the Boers
 Occupied by the Boers
 Distant mountains across which the Boers were trekking



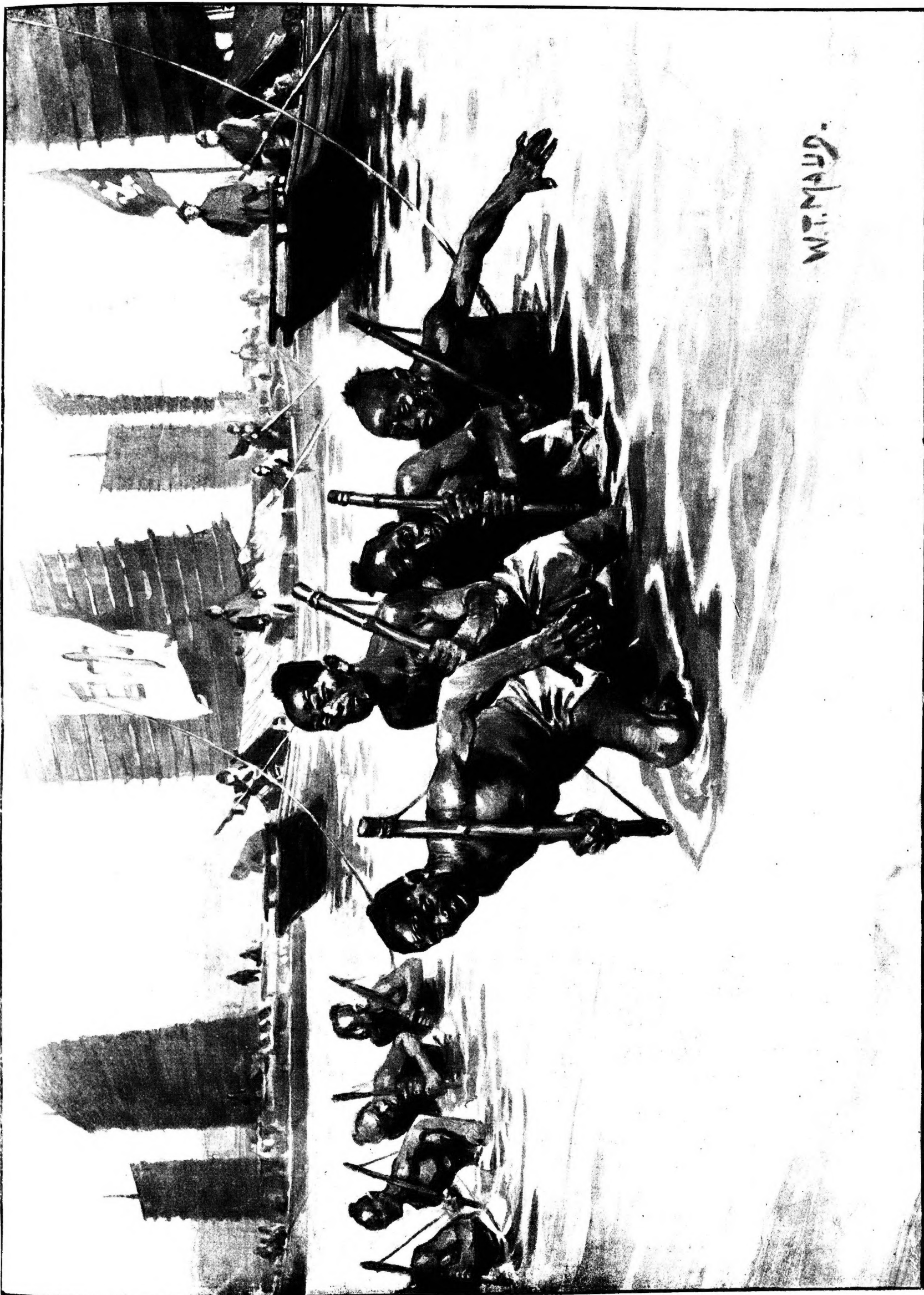
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN E. S. JACKSON

A Correspondent writes:—"After Machadodorp we (1st and 4th Cavalry Brigades, under General French) moved to Carolina, where we were joined by General Mahon, with about 1,000 mounted men, and by a force of two battalions of infantry, who had with them a naval detachment with a 'cow' gun. This force, under General French, was the Barberton column. We moved off on Sunday, September 9, and, I fancy, took the enemy unawares. After we had been going four hours we killed four (at any rate we buried that number) and took twenty prisoners. Tuesday evening, the 11th, brought us to the foot of what is well known all over this part of the Transvaal as the 'Red Hill,' where the road from Carolina to Barberton ascends the mountains, which it crosses before dropping down Barberton Clute to Barberton Plain. Ox waggons have fifty-six oxen apiece to drag them up, and our R.H.A. guns the next day had six oxen horses each and then could only make good a few yards at a time. This road was flanked by mountainous hills held by the Boers, which on our side sloped fairly gradually to the plain where we were bivouacked on Tuesday night. The Inniskillings were selected to rush these hills next morning, and for this

purpose we were strengthened with two squadrons of Carabineers and a Pom-pom (which latter had to be left behind as it couldn't keep anywhere near us). After breakfasting by moonlight at 3 a.m., we moved off at 4, and our advanced squadrons fairly surprised the Boers about six o'clock, and, galloping, scrambling and shooting, we drove them from all except the last hill by 7.30 a.m. There we were stopped by a gully some two hundred feet deep, and the Boers hung on the opposite hill, two hundred feet higher than the one we were on. By 11.30 two R.H.A. guns had been got up, and our Pom-pom, and we had the Boers cleared away, and the pass on to the plateau in our possession by 2.30 p.m., and General Mahon's irregulars galloped on and captured five Boer waggons and some stock. From the kopje in the foreground I lay for hours watching the Boers streaming away over the distant hills, oxen, sheep, waggons, Cape carts following one another in an endless stream, making a wide detour and finally breaking back to Ermelo, as we have since heard, where most of them belong. Perhaps we shall see them again shortly. We were in Barberton next day."

THE DYING EMBERS OF THE WAR: THE FINAL STAGE OF THE FIGHT THAT LED TO THE CAPTURE OF BARBERTON



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUGH

Our Special Artist writes: "Our journey to Peking was uneventful, though the country was in a very unsettled state. We were on several occasions fired at, and ranged our carts up in the form of a zerbila; but no attack was made. The last part of the journey by river was a tedious business—nothing but shadows and sandbanks to cross every few miles. The boats were towed by coolies. When a boat became stranded all the coolies would get into the water and, clattering, laughing, and singing, would pull, push, and lever the boat off."

ON THE WAY TO PEKING: COOLIES TOWING JUNKS UP THE RIVER

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED WHITING



Princess Victoria of Wales

Princess Charles of Denmark

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES, WITH TWO OF HER DAUGHTERS

From a Photograph by Mary Steen, Copenhagen

excellent vehicles referred to. For there is no doubt that they were very popular. But just as everyone was beginning to use them and like them they were suddenly withdrawn. No one seems to know why or wherefore. I am certain, for one, I would joyfully welcome their return. I think my correspondent has somewhat mistaken my views, or may have confused them with those of others who have written me on the subject. I still hold, however, that stringent regulations are required for the control of these new vehicles. But, as I remarked in this column a month ago, "As with the cycle so with the motor: legislation is not required for the gentleman, but the scorchers."

It is proposed, I see, to construct a ship-canal between Southampton and London. It may be that this is a merry jest. If meant seriously it would be well perhaps first of all to consult those concerned in the Manchester Ship Canal and hear what they have to say concerning the advantages of the project. I should be inclined to think it would be more profitable to expand Southampton into a maritime London that should be entirely devoted to commerce. Indeed, London is getting so much too big for comfort, prosperity, or health that its growth should at once be stopped. No further building should be permitted, no more open space should be encroached upon, and anyone failing to find any accommodation in our city should be compelled to go somewhere else. We should forthwith proceed to build, at a suitable distance from the capital, supplementary London, which should be constructed to contain a specified number of inhabitants, and should never be allowed to exceed this. They should be carefully planned, with the drainage, open spaces, gardens, and trees properly provided for at the outset. They should not be allowed to grow haphazard, but be accurately designed on the best principles for the accommodation of a specified population, and the number they should never

exceed. The surplus population should be compelled to move on to another supplementary London that might be in course of construction. With regard to canals. Before we make new canals of any importance we should endeavour to utilise the old ones. Some of the canal companies are doing well, others very badly. They would do well if they could all be persuaded to participate in a scheme to connect one with another, so that a vast canal system might pervade the whole of England. There seems to be little reason why this should not be accomplished. If it could be brought about, it would not only popularise the cheapest form of carriage, but it would lead to the revival of many a neglected waterway, and make the whole system of canals commercially successful throughout the kingdom.

It is satisfactory to find at last attention is being given to the appropriation of public roads for private purposes. I have been hammering away at this matter for years, and I am glad to find the matter is likely to be seriously considered. If accurate statistics could be published on this subject, I think every one would be mightily astonished. They would be surprised to find what a little use the public often get out of a roadway for which it pays taxes. Besides this, not a little of the hindrance to traffic, of which so much complaint is made nowadays, is due to the everlasting conversion of public roadways into private yards.

South Africa issues a new railway map of South Africa. The main difference in this and a similar map published previously by the same newspaper is that the late Republics, Transvaal and the Free State, are now coloured as British, and the Free State is named by its new title, the Orange River Colony.

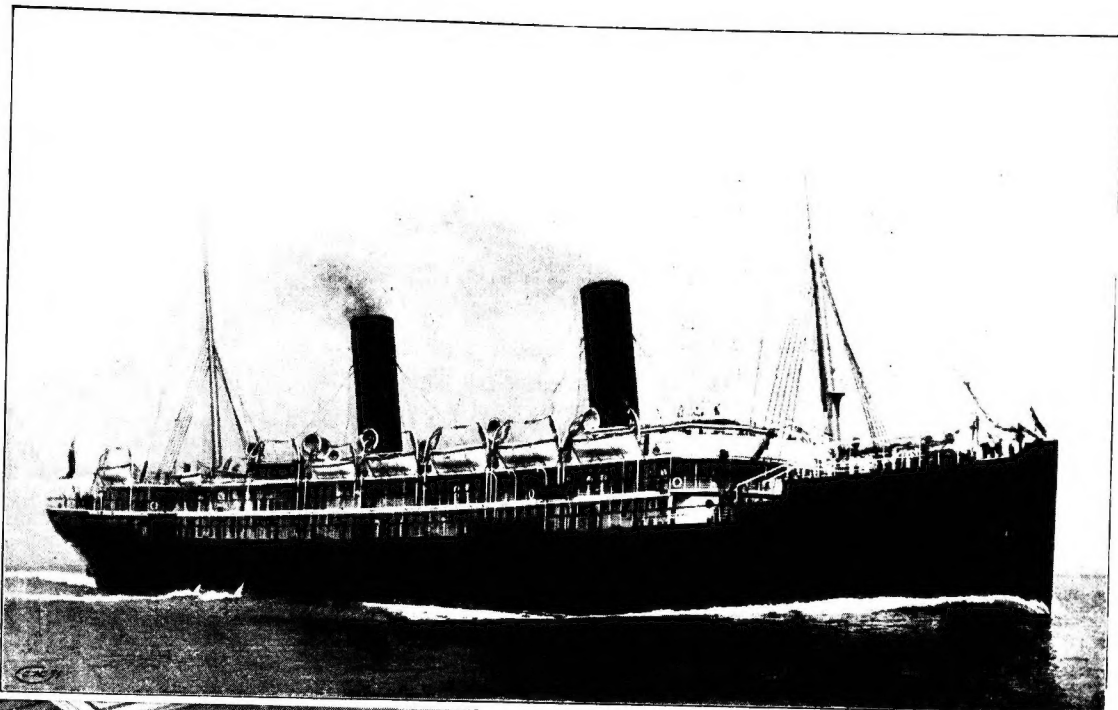
The Court

HAVING bidden farewell to so many of her troops since the South African Campaign, the Queen has now the far happier task of welcoming the soldiers back again. To the Colonists the honour of Her Majesty's earliest greetings, the first duty of the ninety Colonial Volunteers invalided from the war, was received by the Queen at Windsor. They had been suffering, nursed back to health before going home, and also the chance of seeing something of the Mother Country. With the men an enthusiastic welcome as they marched up to the place where they were shown over the State apartments. On St. George's Hall they found the Queen awaiting them in her wheeled chair with her Indian attendant at hand, surrounded by Princess Beatrice, with her three children, and members of the Household. Under the command of Major the men formed into line facing Her Majesty, and were in detachments. They looked very well in their kilted and slouch hats looped up with plumes, but several were showing bare traces of severe suffering. The first quartette of four were an Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman and Welshman, all living in the Colonies but volunteered to serve their old country. Then came the various detachments representing the gallant show from nearly every part of the Imperial Commonwealth. The Chaplain at Shoreline Camp, the Rev. J. T. made the presentations to Her Majesty, who inquired of the progress of the wounded, and told the men: "It is my greatest pleasure I welcome you here to-day, and I thank you all your loyal services. I wish you God-speed and a safe home." The usual three cheers for the Queen followed, but a loud

in the ceremony was the succeeding Colonial cheer, each Colony giving its own special form of Hurrah. The Australian "Cooee," long drawn out, sounded far above the others. Then the Colonials marched off—highly delighted with the Royal reception—to be entertained at lunch and a smoking concert in the Town Hall.

The Queen's next welcome home was to Sir Redvers Buller, who came down to the Castle with his wife. He first had audience of Her Majesty, and then, with Lady Audrey, joined the Royal party at dinner and stayed the night. The Prince of Wales also came down on Saturday for the night, and next day the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their family, arrived on a short visit to the Queen. Previously Her Majesty and the Royal Family had attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Vicar of Windsor preached. Among other visitors have been the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria and Prince George of Greece. This week also Her Majesty will receive Admiral Canevaro, the special Italian Envoy, who has come over to announce formally the accession of the new King of Italy.

The Prince of Wales is paying a series of shooting visits. After

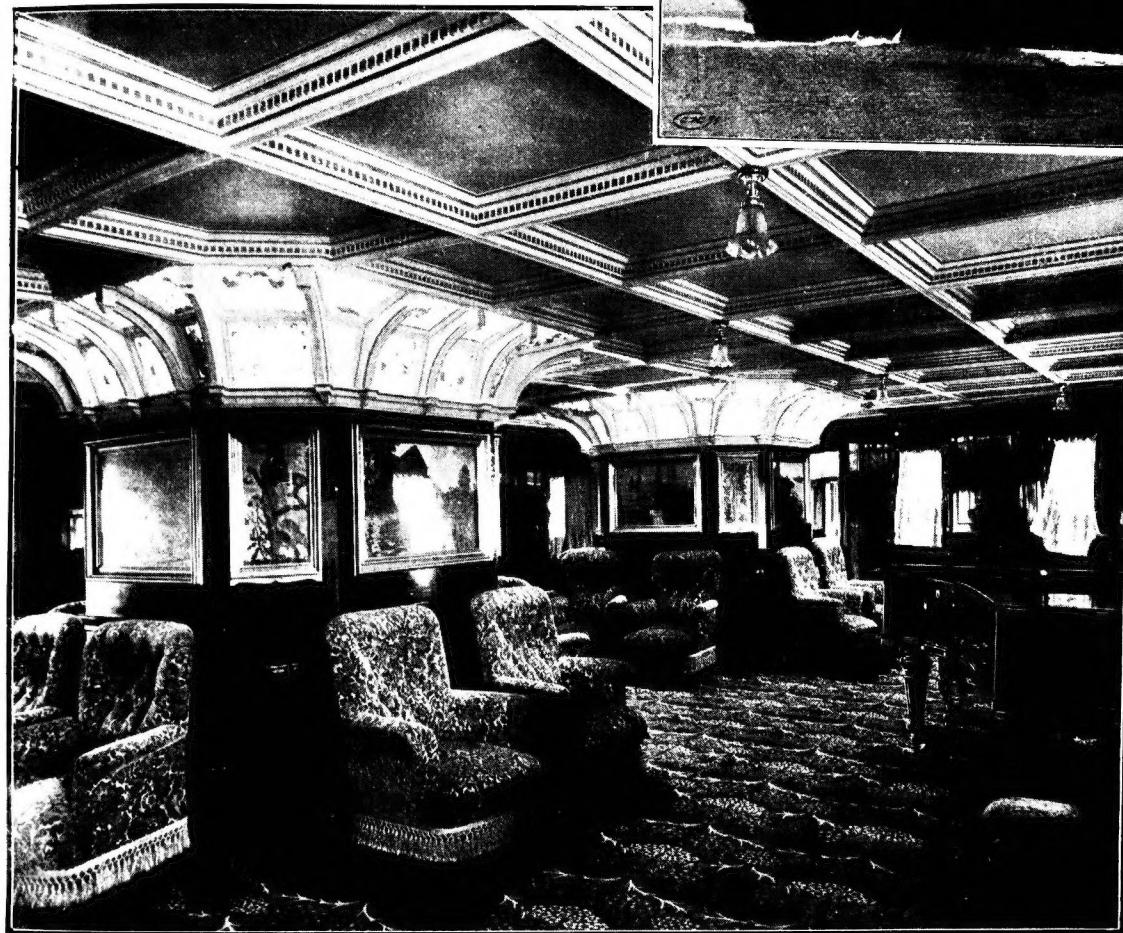


The Orient liner *Ophir* (6,910 tons, 10,000 h.p.) has been chartered to convey the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia. The steamer, which is an exceptionally comfortable boat, is now on her way home.

THE "OPHIR"

Empress has not yet returned to Russia from Denmark, although the Tsarevitch came back on hearing of his brother's illness. Probably, as it will be some time before the Tsar will be well enough to attend to State affairs, a Regent may be appointed—his uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir. The Tsar is at Livadia, in the Crimea, tenderly nursed by his wife, who has fully inherited the power of nursing from her mother, Princess Alice. Much sympathy is shown by foreign Courts, especially in Germany, the Tsar's native country.

All Holland is thinking about the wedding of the "little Queen," as she is still affectionately termed in spite of her twenty years and fair stature. There is some disappointment that the marriage ceremony is to take place at The Hague, instead of Amsterdam, but Queen Wilhelmina is very much attached to The Hague, where she spent most of her childhood and youth. Amsterdam, however, is to greet the Queen and her bridegroom directly after the brief honeymoon, when the grand State receptions will take place. At present January 31 is spoken of as the most likely wedding day, but the date is not yet officially announced. First will come the civil marriage, almost a private ceremony, when the marriage contract will be signed before the Burgomaster in one of the Palace drawing-rooms. Then the Queen will go in State to church for the religious ceremony—most likely to the Nassaulands Kerk, where Her Majesty was baptised. As no reigning Queen of Holland has ever been married before there is no precedent for any of the ceremonies to be observed. A wedding breakfast will follow in the huge ballroom of the Palace, and then the Royal couple will start for their fortnight's honeymoon at the Palace of Loo—the Queen's favourite home.



THE DRAWING-ROOM

...ing last week with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at West Dean, Chichester, he is now staying with Lord and Lady Farquhar at Little Riving, Norfolk, while from the 4th to the 7th prox. he will be at Henley Park as the guest of Lord and Lady Pirbright. During the interval the Prince will remain at Sandringham, where a party assembles to keep the Princess's birthday next Saturday. The Princess has gone back to Sandringham with Princess Maria, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duchess of Devon, after taking leave of her nephew, Prince George of Greece, on his departure for Athens.

The Duke and Duchess of York are also country-house visiting, and are spending this week with the Earl and Countess of Leicester at Holkham Hall, Norfolk. The date of their departure for India is not quite definitely fixed, but it is settled that they will embark in the *Ophir* from Portsmouth, the Prince and Princess being seen off. The *Ophir* is now on her way home from Melbourne, and as soon as she arrives she will be laid up in readiness to be refitted for the Duke and Duchess's voyage. When they return home, the Duke and Duchess will change their residence to Clarence House, vacant through the death of the Duke of Sax-Coburg. Their present London home, York House, will then be assigned to the Duke of Connaught.

Memory of the late Prince Christian Victor is to be kept in various ways. A cot in the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, will be endowed by the members of the "Salon" as "In Memoriam Prince Christian Victor," the Prince having always taken much interest in the Hospital. A Volunteer Drill Hall at Windsor, near the Castle, will be dedicated to the late Prince's memory, and will bear his name.

...anxiety has been caused by the Tsar's illness. At first His Majesty was supposed to be suffering from influenza, but the malady developed into typhoid fever, and as the Tsar is not of very strong constitution an attack of such a trying disease naturally created much anxiety. Happily his case, though serious, presents no unusual features, and the illness is running its regular course without complications. Indeed the worst is now thought to be past, and the Tsar Nicholas's convalescence will be slow, there seems ground for much anxiety. As proof of this the Dowager



THE DINING SALOON

THE ORIENT LINER "OPHIR," CHARTERED TO CONVEY THE DUKE OF YORK TO AUSTRALIA

Irish Guards—Old and New

THE newly formed battalion of Irish Guards made their first appearance in London the other day, when the Duke of Cambridge inspected at Wellington Barracks a dismounted parade of the troops which have been selected from the Home District for the Duke of York's Australian Guard of Honour. The Irish Guards appeared in uniforms similar to those of the other Foot Guards, and were distinguished by blue hackles to their bearskins and shamrock badges. A close observer would also have remarked that the tunic buttons were in sets of four. A few of the men wore the new forage cap, which is very much like a fireman's cap with green band round it. It will not be out of place, perhaps, to notice here the distinctive marks of the other three regiments of Foot Guards, for though these regiments are more familiar to Londoners than any other, it is doubtful whether the distinction is obvious to the majority. The main differences in uniforms are as follows:—The Grenadiers have a grenade at each end of the collar, and have nine buttons in front of their tunics at equal distances. Their bearskins have on the left side white goat's hair plumes; and their forage caps have red bands. The Coldstream Guards have a star of the Garter at each end of their collars, and have ten buttons to their tunics, arranged in twos. Their bearskins have a red feather on the right side, and their forage caps have a white band. The Scots Guards have a thistle at each end of their collars, and have nine buttons to their tunics arranged in threes. Their bearskins have no plume, and their forage caps have a red-and-white check band. The new regiment of Foot Guards is not the first regiment bearing the title "Irish Guards." When Charles II. at the Restoration established his Household Brigade, he allotted regiments of Guards to each of the three kingdoms. The regiment of Irish Guards was raised in the early part of 1662, and the Earl of Arran, fifth son of the Duke of Ormond, was appointed to command it. The headquarters of the regiment was at Dublin. On several occasions the Irish Guards did good service in putting down risings. During Monmouth's rebellion four companies were brought to Chester, but were sent back after the battle of Sedgemoor, their services not being required. When Tyrconnel became Lieutenant-General in Ireland the Irish Army was remodelled, and 400 Protestants in the Irish Guards were turned out of the regiment, their places being filled by Roman Catholics. In 1668 seven of the thirteen companies of which the regiment then consisted were brought to England to join the army with which James II. intended to repel the invasion of William of Orange. They were stationed at Tilbury, and when the Prince of Orange entered London they were disarmed and marched under a Dutch escort to the Isle of Wight, whence, after a short detention, they were transferred to the service of the Emperor

of Germany. The remaining six companies left in Ireland declared for James II., and served in his army in all the fighting with William III. down to the final capitulation of Limerick in 1691. Under the Convention then signed all James II.'s Irish regiments were allowed to volunteer for the French Army, and the Irish Guards went to France. There they became the "Royal Regiment of Ireland," and as such took part in the war which Louis XIV. waged with William III., and afterwards with Queen Anne. At Neerwinden and in a battle near Tournay they were opposed to the only Irish regiment that was retained in William's service, the Royal Irish (the old 18th Foot). After the peace of Utrecht the Royal Regiment of Ireland ceased to exist, the men being absorbed in other regiments of the French Irish Brigade. In Queen Anne's time a proposal was made to raise another regiment of Irish Guards, but it was never carried out. And it has been left to Queen Victoria to pay this graceful honour to Ireland.



The man in the centre in full dress shows the arrangement of buttons on the tunic—in fours. The hackle on the right side of the bearskin is blue. The men on either side are wearing the new forage cap. Our photograph is by W. Gregory and Co., Strand.

THE NEW IRISH GUARDS: TYPES OF THE MEN

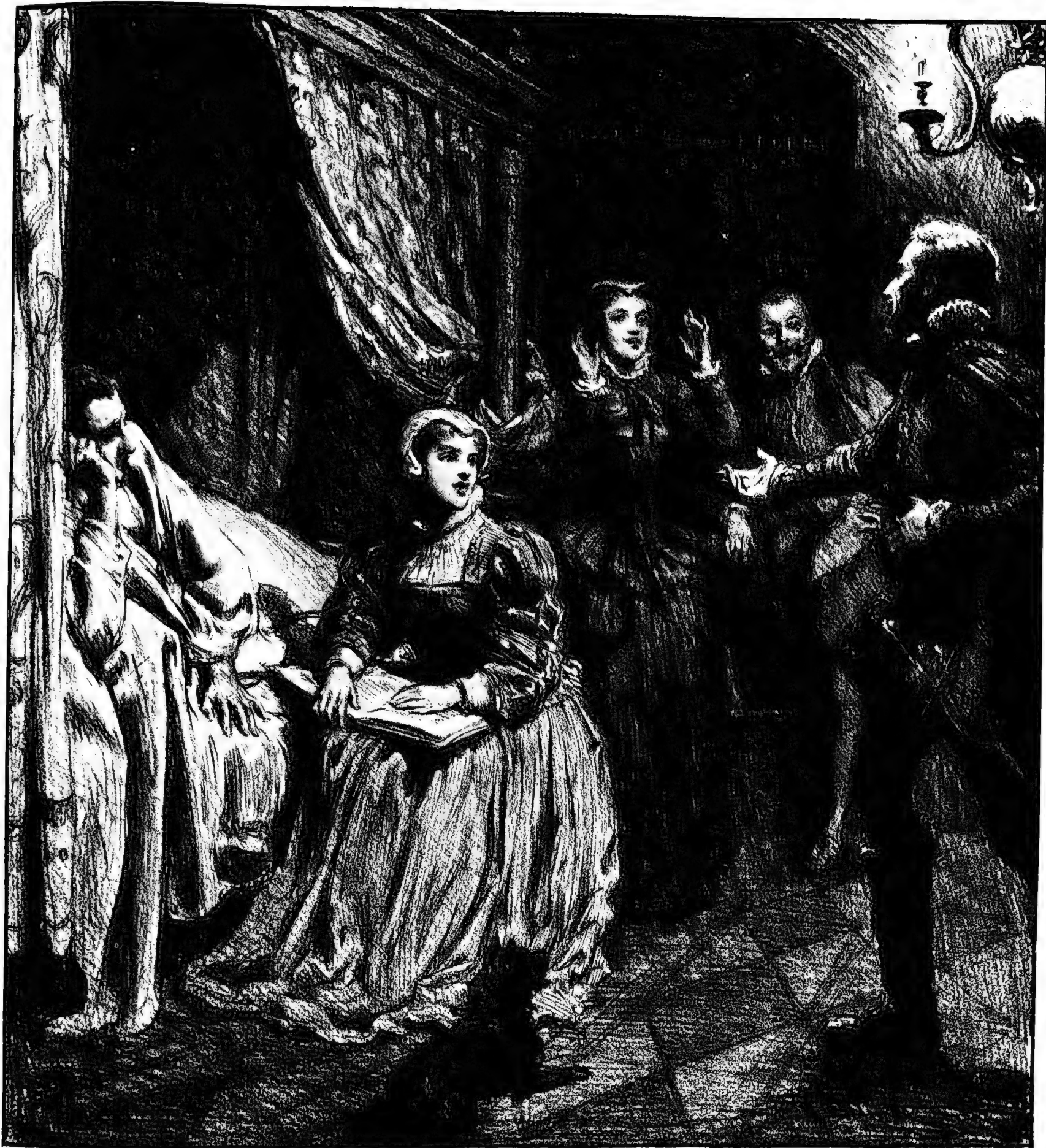
The New English Art Club

AFTER a life of sixteen years or so the New English Art Club is not so New as it was. It is the survivor of those who established it, less steadfast than they were when they founded the "Club" in the little gallery in Pall Mall. Frankly speaking, the members, with few exceptions, make their appeal less to the public than to their fellow-members, and this general aiming with their subject is rather to realise qualities of it (such as light, tone, colour, sphere, or line) rather than that verisimilitude which the public demands. Moreover, it has been accustomed for ages to see paintings which look oily, and they resent it when they see pictures which look chalky; they are used to seeing in landscape (or ladies wading in the lake) in Mr. Conder's picture) carefully made, and not touched in with a few felicitous details. The Club cares little for what the public demands; it cares only for what it wants to give them. Its exhibitions remain, as a whole, as they were at the end of time—despite any amount of paper writing—essentially eclectic, with almost esoteric in its nature. Everyone, however, will appreciate Mr. Brabazon's delicate flower drawings, and they will approve without reserve such Old English Art Club work as Mr. Muirhead's charming "Memories," Mr. Orpen's remarkable "Mirror" and "Portrait of Herbert Everett" (pictures carried as far almost as a De Hooch or a Vermeer), and one or two others. But pictures of this class are not numerous. The visitor, attuned at last to the aspirations of the painters, will turn in a different spirit to other works—to Mr. James Henry's "Kent Cornfields" and other pictures which show his marked improvement; to the study of a "Bed" by Mr. A. D. Rothenstein (curiously like the wonderful study of a similar object by Egg, of all people in the world, to "The Browning Readers" by Mr. W. Rothenstein—a clever work inspired by Mr. Whistler's "Mother"; the "Chiswick Mall" by Mr. Bernhard Sickert; the "Bridesmaids" and "Bride" by Mr. Charles Shannon—ill-drawn, yet so full of style and so pleasant in paint; the extremely noteworthy equestrian portrait of Lord Roberts by Mr. Charles Furse; the Monticelli-like "Embarquement" and the Turneresque "Nidderdale" of Mr. Wilson Steer; and the Constablesque "Storm" by Mr. Muirhead. Why do we see so many *refacimenti* on these walls? Is it that artists seek to mollify the public by giving them "new men and old acres"?



This group of Irish Guards, with Second Lieutenant McCalmont in the centre, has been selected to form part of the Duke of York's guard of honour in Australia. Our photograph is by W. Gregory and Co., Strand.

THE NEW IRISH GUARDS: THE DETACHMENT FOR THE IMPERIAL REPRESENTATIVE CORPS



"Seated by the side of the bed, looking wonderfully sweet in the lamplight, which cast shadows from the curling hair about her brows on to the delicate face beneath, was Elsa Brant. . . . At the further end of the room, talking together earnestly in the deep and curtained window-place, stood his mother Lysbeth and his father."

LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.

[First published in The Graphic, 1900, by H. RIDER HAGGARD, in the United States of America]

CHAPTER XV.

SEÑOR RAMIRO



IF Foy van Goorl, by some magic, could have seen what was passing in the mind of that fugitive in the boat as he sailed swiftly away from the scene of death and ruin, bitterly indeed would he have cursed the folly and inexperience which led him to disregard the advice of Red Martin.

Let us look at this man as he goes gnawing his hand in rage and disappointment. There is something familiar about his face and bearing, still gallant enough in a fashion, yet the most observant would find it difficult to recognise in the Señor Ramiro the handsome and courtly Count Juan de Montalvo of over twenty years

before. A long spell of the galleys changes the hardest man, and by ill luck Montalvo, or Ramiro, to call him by his new name, had been forced to serve nearly his full time. He would have escaped earlier indeed had he not been foolish enough to join in a mutiny, which was discovered and suppressed. It was in the course of this savage struggle for freedom that he lost his eye, which was knocked out with a belying pin by an officer whom he had just stabbed. The innocent officer died and the rascal Ramiro recovered, but without his good looks.

To a person of gentle birth, however great a scoundrel he might be, the galleys, which represented penal servitude in the sixteenth century, were a very rough school. Indeed, for the most part the man who went into them blameless became bad, and the man who went into them bad became worse, for, as the proverb says, those who have dwelt in hell always smell of brimstone. Who can imagine the awfulness of it—the chains, the arduous and continual labour, the whip of the quartermasters, the company of thieves and outcast ruffians, all dreadful in its squalid sameness?

Well, his strength and constitution, coupled with a sort of grim philosophy, brought him through, and at length Ramiro found himself a free man, middle-aged indeed, but intelligent and still strong, the world once more before him. Yet what a world! His wife, believing him dead, or perhaps wishing to believe it, had remarried and gone with her husband to New Spain, taking his children with

her, and his friends, such of them as lived, turned their backs upon him. But although he had been an unlucky man, for with him wickedness had not prospered, he still had resource and courage.

The Count Montalvo was a penniless outlaw, a byword and a scorn, and so the Count Montalvo—died, and was buried publicly in the church of his native village. Strangely enough, however, about the same time the Señor Ramiro appeared in another part of Spain, where with some success he practised as a notary and man of affairs. Some years went by thus, till at length, having realised a considerable sum of money by the help of an ingenious fraud, of which the details are superfluous, an inspiration took him and he sailed for the Netherlands.

In those dreadful days, in order to further the ends of religious persecution and of legalised theft, informers were rewarded with a portion of the goods of heretics. Ramiro's idea—a great one in its way—was to organise this informing business, and, by interesting a number of confederates who practically were shareholders in the venture, to sweep into his net more fortunes, or shares of fortunes, than a single individual, however industrious, could hope to secure. As he had expected, soon he found plenty of worthy companions, and the company was floated. For a while, with the help of local agencies and spies, such as Black Meg and the Butcher, with whom, forgetting past injuries, he had renewed his acquaintance, it did very well, the dividends being large and regular. In such

times handsome sums were realised, without risk, out of the properties of those unfortunates who were brought to the stake, and, still more was secured by a splendid system of blackmail extracted from those who wished to avoid execution, and who, when they had been sucked dry, could either be burnt or let go, as might prove most convenient.

Also there were other ways of making money—by an intelligent system of robbery, by contracts to collect fines and taxes and so forth. Thus things went well, and, at length, after many years of suffering and poverty, the Señor Ramiro, that experienced man of affairs, began to grow rich, until, indeed, driven forward by a natural but unwise ambition, a fault inherent to daring minds, he entered upon a dangerous path.

The wealth of Hendrik Brant, the goldsmith, was a matter of common report, and glorious would be the fortune of him who could secure its reversion. Ramiro wished to secure it; indeed, there was no ostensible reason why he should not do so, since Brant was undoubtedly a heretic, and, therefore, legitimate game for any honourable servant of the Church and King. And yet there were lions in the path, two large and formidable lions, or rather a lion and the ghost of a lion, for one was material and the other spiritual. The material lion was that the Government, or in other words, his august kingship Philip, desired the goldsmith's thousands for himself, and was therefore likely to be irritated with an interloper. The spiritual lion was that Brant was connected with Lysbeth van Goorl, once known as Lysbeth de Montalvo, a lady who had brought her reputed husband no luck. Often and often during dreary hours of reflection beneath tropic suns, for which the profession of galley-slave gave great leisure, the Señor Ramiro remembered that very energetic curse which his new affianced wife had bestowed upon him, a curse in which she prayed that through her he might live in heavy labour, that through her and hers he might be haunted by fears and misfortunes, and at the last die in misery. Looking back upon the past it would certainly seem that there had been virtue in this curse, for already through Lysbeth and his dealings with her, he had suffered the last degradation and the toil which could not be called light, of nearly fourteen years of daily occupation in the galleys.

Well, he was clear of them, and thenceforward the curse having exhausted itself for the time being, he had prospered—at any rate to a moderate extent. But if once more he began to interfere with Lysbeth van Goorl and her relatives, might it not re-assert its power. That was one question. Was it worth while to take this risk on the chance of securing Brant's fortune? That was another. Brant, it was true, was only a cousin of Lysbeth's husband, but when once you meddled with a member of the family, it was impossible to know how soon other members would become mixed up in the affair.

The end may be guessed. The treasure was at hand and enormous, whereas the wrath of a Heavenly or an earthly King was problematical and far away. So greed, outstripping caution and superstitious fear, won the race, and Ramiro threw himself into the adventure with a resource and energy which in their way were splendid.

Now, as always, he was a man who hated violence for its own sake. It was no wish of his that the worthy Heer Brant should be unnecessarily burnt or tortured. Therefore through his intermediaries, as Brant had narrated in his letter, he approached him with a proposal which, under the circumstances, was liberal enough—that he should hand over two-thirds of his fortune to him and his confederates on condition that he was assisted to escape with the remaining third. To his disgust, however, this obstinate Dutchman refused to buy his safety at the price of a single stiver. Indeed, he answered with rude energy that now as always he was in the hands of God, and if it pleased God that his life should be sacrificed and his great wealth divided amongst thieves, well, it must be so, but he, at least, would be no party to the arrangement.

The details of the plots and counter-plots, the attack of the Ramiro company, the defences of Brant, the internecine struggles between the members of the company and the agents of the Government, if set out at length, would fill a considerable book. Of these we already know something, and the rest may be divined.

In the whole course of the affair Ramiro had made but one mistake, and that sprang from what he was wont to consider the weakness of his nature. Needless to say, it was that he had winked at the escape of Brant's daughter Elsa. It may have been superstition that prompted him, or it may have been pity, or perhaps it was a certain oath of mercy which he had taken in an hour of extremity; at any rate, he was content that the girl should not share the doom which overshadowed her father. He did not think it at all likely that she would take with her any documents of importance, and the treasure, of course, she could not take; still, to provide against accidents, he arranged for her to be searched upon the road.

As we know this search was a failure, and when on the morrow Black Meg arrived to make report and to warn him that Dirk van Goorl's son and his great serving-man, whose strength was known throughout the Netherlands, were on their road to The Hague, he was sure that after all the girl had carried with her some paper or message.

By this time the whereabouts of Brant's treasure had been practically solved. It was believed to lie in the string of vessels, although it was not known that one of these was laden with powder as well as gold. The plan of the Government agents was to search the vessels when they passed out to sea and seize the treasure as contraband, which would save much legal trouble, since under the law or the edicts wealth might not be shipped abroad by heretics. The plan of Ramiro and his friends was to facilitate the escape of the treasure to the open sea, where they proposed to swoop down upon it and convey it to more peaceful shores.

When Foy and his party started down the canal in the boat Ramiro knew that his opportunity had come, and at once unmoored the big ship and followed. The attempted stabbing of Foy was not done by his orders, as he wished the party to go unmolested and to be kept in sight. That was a piece of private malice on the part of Black Meg, for it was she who was dressed up as a man. On various occasions in Leyden Foy had made remarks about Meg's character which she resented, and about her personal appearance which she resented much more, and this was an attempt to pay off old scores that in the issue cost her a finger, a good knife, and a gold ring which had associations connected with her youth.

At first everything had gone well. By one of the most daring and masterly manœuvres that Ramiro had ever seen in his long and varied experience upon the seas, the little *Swallow*, with her crew of three men, had run the gauntlet of the fort which was warned and waiting for her; had sunk and sailed through the big Government boat and her crew of lubberly soldiers, many of whom, he was glad to reflect, were drowned, had crushed the officer, against whom he had a personal grudge, like an egg-shell, and won through to the open sea. There he thought he was sure of her, for he took it for granted that she would run for the Norfolk coast, and knew that in the gale of wind which was blowing his larger and well-manned vessel could pull her down. But then the ill-luck—that ancient ill-luck which always dogged him when he began to interfere with the affairs of Lysbeth and her relatives—declared itself.

Instead of attempting to cross the North Sea the little *Swallow* hugged the coast, where, for various nautical reasons connected with the wind, the water, and the build of the respective ships, she had the legs of him. Next he lost her in the gut, and after that we know what happened. There was no disguising it; it was a most dreadful fiasco. To have one's vessel boarded, the expensive vessel in which so large a proportion of the gains of his honourable company had been invested, not only boarded, but fired, and the watchman stabbed by a single naked devil of unknown sex or character was bad enough. And then the end of it!

To have found the gold-laden ship, to have been gulled into attacking her, and—and—oh! he could scarcely bear to think of it! There was but one consolation. Although too late to save the others he had seen that wisp of smoke rising from the hold; yes, he, the experienced, had smelt a rat, and, warned by some half-divine intuition, had kept his distance, with the result that he was still alive.

But the others! Those gallant comrades in adventure, where were they? Well, to be frank, he did not greatly care. There was another question of more moment. Where was the treasure? Now that his brain had cleared after the shock and turmoil it was evident to him that Foy van Goorl, Red Martin, and the white devil who had boarded his ship, would not have destroyed so much wealth if they could help it, and still less would they have destroyed themselves. Therefore, to pursue the matter to a logical conclusion, it seemed probable that they had spent the night in sinking or burying the money, and preparing the pretty trap into which he had walked. So the secret was in their hands, and as they were still alive very possibly means could be found to induce them to reveal its hiding-place. There was still hope; indeed, now that he came to weigh things, they were not so bad.

To begin with, almost all the shareholders in the affair had perished by the stern decree of Providence, and he was the natural heir of their interests. In other words, the treasure, if it could be recovered, was henceforth his property. Further, when they came to hear the story, the Government would set down Brant's share as hopelessly lost, so that the galling competition from which he had suffered so much was at an end.

Under these circumstances what was to be done? Very soon, as he sailed away over the lake in the sweet air of the morning, the Señor Ramiro found an answer to the question.

The treasure had left The Hague, he must leave The Hague. The secret of its disposal was at Leyden, henceforth he must live at Leyden. Why not? He knew Leyden well. It was a pleasant place, but, of course, he might be recognised there; though, after so long, this was scarcely probable, for was not the Count de Montalvo notoriously dead and buried? Time and accident had changed him; moreover, he could bring art to the assistance of nature. In Leyden, too, he had confederates—Black Meg, to wit, for one; also he had funds, for was he not the treasurer of the company that this very morning had achieved so remarkable and unsought-for an ascension?

There was only one thing against the scheme. In Leyden lived Lysbeth van Goorl and her husband, and with them a certain young man whose parentage he could guess. More, her son Foy knew the hiding-place of Brant's hoard, and from him or his servant Martin that secret must be won. So once again he was destined to match himself against Lysbeth—the wronged, the dreaded, the victorious Lysbeth, whose voice of denunciation still rang in his ear, whose eyes of fire still scorched his soul, the woman whom he feared above everything on earth. He fought her once for money, and, although he won the money, it had done him little good, for in the end she worsted him. Now, if he went to Leyden, he must fight her again for money, and what would be the issue of that war? Was it worth while to take the risk? Would not history repeat itself? If he hurt her, would she not crush him? But the treasure, that mighty treasure, which could give him so much, and, above all, could restore to him the rank and station he had forfeited, and which he coveted more than anything on earth. For, low as he had fallen, Montalvo could not forget that he had been born a gentleman.

He would take his chance; he would go to Leyden. Had he weighed the matter in the gloom of night, or even in a dull and stormy hour, perhaps—nay probably—he would have decided otherwise. But this morning the sun shone brightly, the wind made a merry music in the reeds; on the rippling surface of the lake the marsh-birds sang, and from the shore came a cheerful lowing of kine. In such surroundings his fears and superstitions vanished. He was master of himself, and he knew that all depended upon himself; the rest was dream and nonsense. Behind him lay the buried gold; before him rose the towers of Leyden, where he could find its key. A God! that haunting legend of a God of vengeance, in which priests and others affected to believe? Now that he came to think of it, what rubbish was here, for, as any agent of the Inquisition knew well, the vengeance always fell upon those who trusted in this same God; a hundred torture dens, a thousand smoking fires bore witness to the fact. And if there was a God, why, recognising his personal merits, only this morning He had selected him out of many to live on and be the inheritor of the wealth of Hendrik Brant. Yes, he would go to Leyden and fight the battle out.

At the entry of the gut the Señor Ramiro landed from his boat. At first he had thought of killing his companion, so that he might remain the sole survivor of the catastrophe, but on reflection he abandoned this idea, as the man was a faithful creature of his own who might be useful. So he bade him return to The Hague to tell the story of the destruction of the ship *Swallow* with the treasure, her attackers and her crew, whoever they might have been. He was to add, moreover, that so far as he knew the Captain Ramiro had

perished also, as he was left alone in charge of the boat which the vessel blew up. Then he was to come to Leyden, bringing him certain goods and papers belonging to him, Ramiro.

This plan seemed to have advantages. No one would hunt for the treasure. No one except himself and perhaps Meg would know that Foy van Goorl and Martin had boarded the *Swallow* and escaped; indeed as yet he was not of it himself. For the rest he could either lie hidden, or if it was desirable, announce that he still lived. Even if his name should prove faithless and tell the truth, it would not greatly seem that he knew nothing which could be of service to any one.

And so the steersman sailed away, while Ramiro, full of memories, reflections, and hopes, walked quietly through Morsch Poort into the good city of Leyden.

That evening, but not until dark had fallen, two other persons entered Leyden, namely, Foy and Martin. Passing up through the quiet streets, they reached the side door of the Bree Straat. It was opened by a serving-woman, who that his mother was in Adrian's room, also that Adrian was much better. So thither, followed more slowly by Martin Foy, running upstairs three steps at a time, for had he not story to tell?

The interior of the room as he entered it made an impression which even in his hurry caught Foy's eye and fixed firmly upon his mind that he never forgot its details. The room, with the place was beautifully furnished, for his brother had good taste in tapestry, pictures, and other such adornments; himself lay upon a richly carved oak bed, pale from loss of sleep, but otherwise little the worse. Seated by the side of the bed, looking wonderfully sweet in the lamplight, which cast shadows on the curling hair about her brows on to the delicate face of Elsa Brant. She had been reading to Adrian from a book of Spanish chivalry such as his romantic soul loved, and he, resting his elbow in the snowy bed, was contemplating her beauty with languishing black eyes. Yet, although he only saw her for a moment before she heard his entry and looked up, it was clear to Foy that Elsa remained quite unconscious of the handsome man's admiration, indeed, that her mind wandered far away from the magnificent adventures and highly coloured love scenes of which she was reading in her sweet, low voice. Nor was he mistaken, for, in fact, the poor child was thinking of her father.

At the further end of the room, talking together earnestly, the deep and curtained window-place, stood his mother Lysbeth and his father. Clearly they were as much preoccupied as the younger couple, and it was not difficult for Foy to guess that fears for his own safety upon his perilous errand was what concerned them most, and behind them other unnumbered fears. For the dwellers in the Netherlands of those days must walk from year to year through a valley of shadows so grim that our imagination can scarcely picture them.

"Sixty hours and he is not back," Lysbeth was saying. "Martin said we were not to trouble ourselves before they had been gone for a hundred," answered Dirk consolingly.

Just then Foy, surveying them from the shadowed doorway, stepped forward, saying in his jolly voice:

"Sixty hours to the very minute."

Lysbeth uttered a little scream of joy and ran forward. Elsa let the book fall on to the floor and rose to do the same, then remembered and stood still, while Dirk remained where he was till the women had done their greetings, betraying his delight only by a quick rubbing of his hands. Adrian alone did not look particularly pleased, not, however, because he retained any special grudge against his brother for his share in the fracas of a few nights before, since, when once his furious gusts of temper had passed, he was a malevolently minded man. Indeed he was glad that Foy had come back safe from his dangerous mission, only he wished that he should not blunder into the bedroom and interrupt his delightful occupation of listening, while the beautiful Elsa read him romance and adventure.

Since Foy was gone upon his mission, Adrian had been with the consideration which he felt to be his due. Even his father had taken an opportunity to mumble some words of what had happened, and to express a hope that nothing more would be said about the matter, while his mother was sympathetic to Elsa most charming and attentive. Now, as he knew well, would be changed. Foy, the exuberant, unrefined, plain, nerveshaking Foy, would become the centre of attraction, and overwhelm them with long stories of very dull adventures, while that brutal bull of a man who was only fit to draw a cart stand behind and play the part of chorus, saying "Neen" at proper intervals. Well, he supposed that he had to put up with it, but oh! what a bore it was.

Another minute, and Foy was wringing him by the hand in his loud voice, "How are you, old fellow? You look as possible, what are you sticking in this bed for and being a pap by the women?"

"For the love of Heaven, Foy," interrupted Adrian, crushing my fingers and shaking me as though I were a man, mean it kindly, I know, but—" and Adrian dropped back on the pillow, coughed, and looked hectic and interesting.

Then both the women fell upon Foy, upbraiding him for roughness, begging him to remember that if he were not careful might kill his brother, whose arteries were understood to be in most precarious condition, till the poor man covered his eyes with his hands and waited till he saw their lips stop moving.

"I apologise," he said. "I won't touch him, I won't speak near him. Adrian, do you hear?"

"Who could help it?" moaned the prostrate Adrian.

"Cousin Foy," interrupted Elsa, clasping her hands and looking up into his face with her big brown eyes, "forgive me, but wait no longer. Tell me, did you see or hear anything of my yonder at The Hague?"

"Yes, cousin, I saw him," answered Foy soberly.

"And how was he—oh! and all the rest of them?"

"He was well."

"And free and in no danger?"

"And free, but I cannot say in no danger. We are all in danger nowadays, cousin," replied Foy in the same quiet voice.

"Oh! thank God for that," said Elsa.

"Little enough to thank God for," muttered Martin, who entered the room and was standing behind Foy looking like a

show. Elsa had turned her face away, so Foy struck back with all his force, hitting Martin in the pit of the stomach the point of his elbow. Martin doubled himself up, recoiled and took the hint.

"Well, son, what news?" said Dirk, speaking for the first time.

"News!" answered Foy, escaping joyfully from this treacherous "Oh! lots of it. Look here," and plunging his hands into his pockets he produced first the half of the broken dagger and secondly a skinny finger of unwholesome hue with a gold ring on it.

"H!" said Adrian. "Take that horrid thing away."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," answered Foy, shuffling the finger into his pocket. "You don't mind the dagger, do you? No, then, mother, that mail shirt of yours is the best that was made; this knife broke on it like a carrot, though, by the way, commonly sticky wear when you haven't changed it for three years and I shall be glad enough to get it off."

"Evidently Foy has a story to tell," said Adrian wearily, "and never he rids his mind of it the sooner he will be able to wash."

"Foy, that you should begin at the beginning."

Foy began at the beginning, and his tale proved sufficiently interesting even to the soul-worn Adrian. Some portions of it were of a nature to offend down, and some of it he suppressed for the sake of not very successfully, indeed, for Foy was no diplomatist, his quick imagination filled the gaps. Another part—that concerned her future and his own—of necessity he omitted. He told them very briefly, however, of the flight from Hague, of the sinking of the Government boat, of the run to the gale to the Haarlem Meer with the dead pilot on board and the big Spanish ship behind, and of the secret midnight burial of the treasure.

"Where did you bury it?" asked Adrian.

"I have not the slightest idea," said Foy. "I believe there are three hundred islets in that part of the Meer, and all I know is that we dug a hole in one of them and stuck it in. However," went on in a burst of confidence, "we made a map of the place, this—"

Here he broke off with a howl of pain, for an accident had happened.

While this narrative was proceeding, Martin, who was standing behind him saying "Ja" and "Neen" at intervals, as Adrian foresaw would, had unbuckled the great sword Silence, and in an abstract manner was amusing himself by throwing it towards the ground. The hilt downwards, and as it fell catching it in his hand. Now, most unaccountably, he looked the other way and missed his catch, with the result that the handle of the heavy weapon fell exactly on Foy's left foot and then clattered to the ground.

"You awkward beast!" roared Foy, "you have crushed my toes."

And he hopped towards a chair upon one leg.

"Your pardon, master," said Martin. "I know it was careless; my mother always told me that I was careless, but so was my father before me."

Adrian, overcome by the fearful crash, closed his eyes and sighed.

"Look," said Lysbeth in a fury, "he is fainting; I knew that would be the end of all your noise. If you are not careful we shall have him breaking another vessel. Go out of the room, all of you. You can finish telling the story downstairs," and she drove them from her as a farmer's wife drives fowls.

"Martin," said Foy on the stairs, where they found themselves together for a minute, for at the first signs of the storm Dirk had left them, "why did you drop that accursed great sword of yours upon my foot?"

"Master," countered Martin imperturbably, "why did you hit me with the point of the stomach with your elbow?"

"To keep your tongue quiet."

"And what is the name of my sword?"

"Silence."

"Well, then, I dropped the sword 'Silence' for the same reason. It hasn't hurt you much, but if it did I can't help it."

"You wheeled round. What do you mean, Martin?"

"I mean," answered the great man with energy, "that you have hit me to tell what became of that paper which Mother Martha gave me."

"Why not? I have faith in my brother."

"Try likely, master, but that isn't the point. We carry a great secret, and this secret is a trust, a dangerous trust; it would be to lay its burden upon the shoulders of other folk. What don't know they can't tell, master."

Still stared at him, half in question, half in anger, but Martin made no further reply in words. Only he went through certain motions, motions as of a man winding slowly and laboriously round a pump wheel. Foy's lips turned pale.

"What?" he whispered. Martin nodded, and answered in his breath:

"You may all of them be on it yet. You let the man in the room, and that man was the Spanish spy, Ramiro; I am sure they don't know they can't tell, and though we know we tell; we shall die first, master."

Foy trembled and leaned against the wall. "What would you do?" he asked.

"I know, master. A woman's torment, a man's—"

and a strange meaning into his voice—"a man's—jealousy, or vengeance. Oh! bridle your tongue and trust no one, not father or mother, or sweetheart, or—" and again that meaning came into Martin's voice—"or brother."

"What?" queried Foy looking up.

"I am not sure. Yes, I think you may trust me, though there is something how the rack may change a man's mind."

"This be so," said Foy, with a flash of sudden passion, "I am too much already."

"I shall deal too much, master. If I could have managed it I have dropped the sword Silence on your toe long before. But it, for the Heer Adrian was watching me, and I had to wait until he closed his eyes, which he did to hear the better without me to listen."

"That is unjust to Adrian, Martin, as you always have been, I am angry with you. Then what is to be done now?"

"Now, master," replied Martin cheerfully, "you must forget the tale of the Pastor Arentz, and tell a lie. You must take up the tale where you left it off, and say that we made a map of the place, but that—I—being a fool—managed to drop it while I was lighting the fuses, so that it was blown away with the ship. I tell the same story."

"Am I to say this to my father and mother?"

"Certainly, and they will quite understand why you say it. My mistress was getting uneasy already, and that was why she drove us from the room. You will tell them that the treasure is buried but that the secret of its hiding-place is lost."

"Even so, Martin, it is not lost; Mother Martha knows it, and they all will guess that she knows it."

"Why, master, as it happened you were in such a hurry to get on with your story that I think you forgot to mention that she was present at the burying of the barrels. Her name was coming when I dropped the sword upon your foot."

"But she boarded and fired the Spanish ship—so the man Ramiro and his companion would probably have seen her."

"I doubt, master, that the only person who saw her was he whose gizzard she split, and he will tell no tales. Probably they think it was you or I who did that deed. But if she was seen, or if they know that she has the secret, then let them get it from Mother Martha. Oh! mares can gallop and ducks can dive and snakes can hide in the grass. When they can catch the wind and make it give up its secrets, when they can charm from sword Silence the tale of the blood which it has drunk throughout the generations, when they can call back the dead saints from heaven and stretch them anew within the torture-pit, then and not before, they will win knowledge of the hoard's hiding-place from the lips of the witch of Haarlem Meer. Oh! master, fear not for her, the grave is not so safe."

"Why did you not caution me before, Martin?"

"Because, master," answered Martin stolidly, "I did not think that you would be such a fool. But I forgot that you were young—yes, I forgot that you are young and good, too good for the days we live in. It is my fault. On my head be it."

(To be continued)

The Society of Portrait Painters

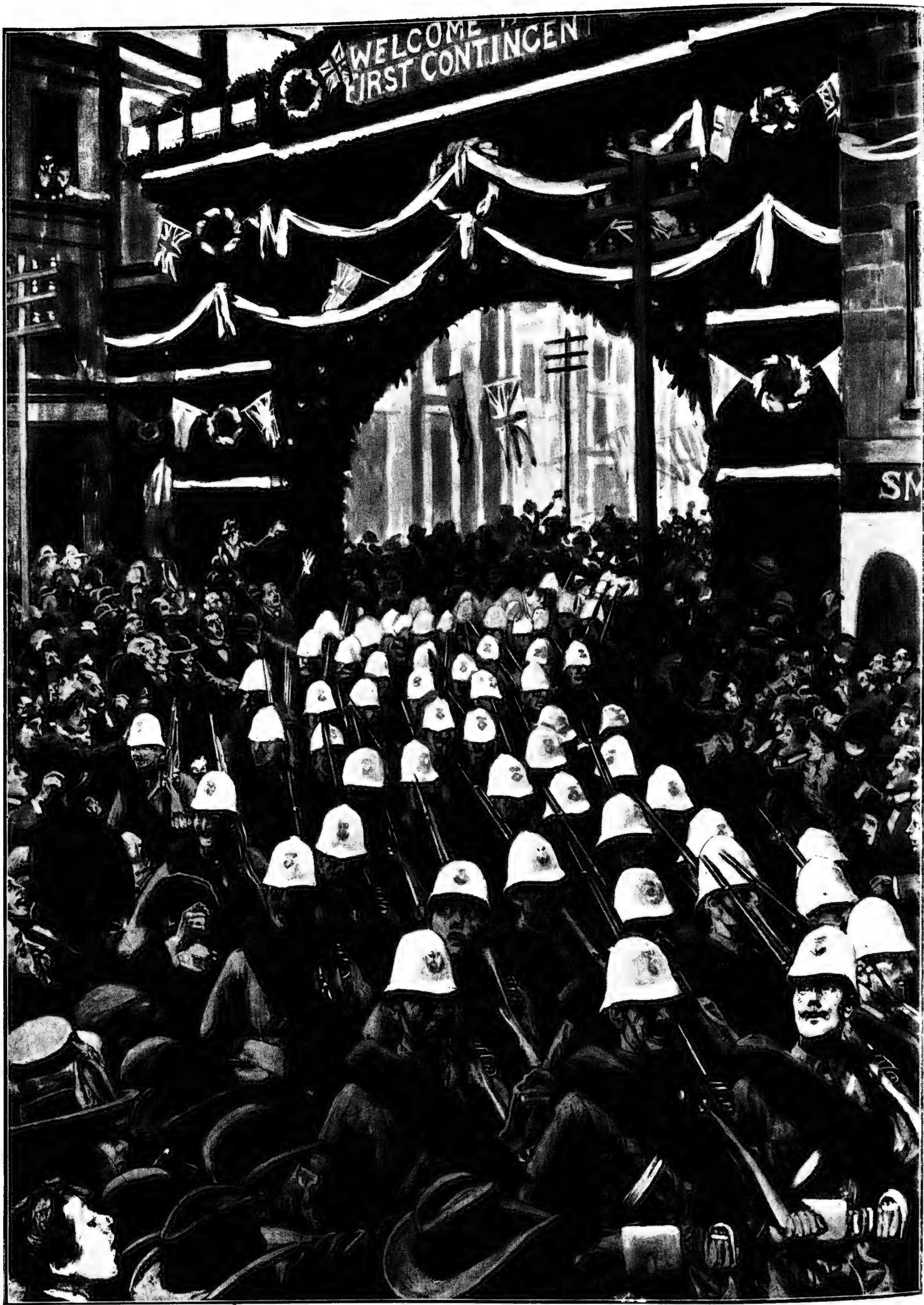
It is a question whether a gathering of portraits, such as those on view at the New Gallery, should be considered as an exhibition of contemporary history or of art. It all depends which of the two qualities predominates, the historical or the artistic; and it must be admitted that the latter is not so evident as on former occasions. Portrait painting, said Burke, may be to the painter what the practical knowledge of the world is to the poet, but, he added, it must be regarded as a means of attaining perfection, not as an object of perfection in itself. But in very few instances is even this aim successfully achieved, although some distinguished names are in the catalogue. Mr. Orchardson's "E. Davis, Esq."—a portrait of "The Napoleon of Bond Street"—is a magical performance, yet not the finest of the artist's work. Mr. Watts is rich in colour and elevated in style; Mr. Charles Shannon, under the strong influence of Mr. Watts, produces a fine circular portrait in the Venetian manner of a lady and child (Mrs. Mildmay and daughter), called "The Bunch of Grapes;" and Messrs. Jack, Guthrie, Lavery, Brough, Speed, Nicolet, Bigland, Strang, together with Mr. Herman Herkomer and Mr. Ellis Roberts, are included among the exhibitors. There is a delightful series of photographs of Mr. Watts's portraits in the Gallery.

THE Duke of York has accepted the office of President of the Royal Amateur Orchestra in place of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, thanks mainly to whose influence the band was founded.



Grey cloth dress trimmed with fur. The skirt is strapped and opens at the hem over a broad fur band. Tolerio bodice, with a cloth waistcoat braided in blue, white and green, and an inner vest of cloth of gold edged with two pipings of black velvet. Sable toque with a twist of orange velvet and steel buckle, and a long fur boa to match, edged on either side by a frill of bronze velvet

WALKING COSTUME



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GAUVIN AND GENIZEL

The first Canadian contingent, on their arrival at Halifax from South Africa, were received with unbounded enthusiasm. The streets were decorated with bunting, and triumphal arches were set up at

prominent points. Our illustration shows the procession at the corner of George Street and Granville Street

BACK FROM THE WAR: WELCOMING THE ROYAL CANADIANS HOME AT HALIFAX



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

A Correspondent writes:—"This battle took place on the morning of September 30. The road to Abusa lies in dense bush, and just where the fight took place makes a sharp bend to the left. At that point, though still in dense bush, the road opens out a little, and much of

the thick undergrowth was cut away by the pioneers, so that a better view of the enemy's position was obtainable. Just before nine the head of the column came into action, and soon a fierce battle was in progress. After a stubborn and fiercely fought encounter

lasting an hour and ten minutes the Ashantis fled. On our side Major Mellis was severely wounded while leading a charge. Three times he charged bravely up to the Ashantis as they retired, and in the third was badly wounded.

THE BATTLE OF ABUSA IN ASHANTI: A GALLANT CHARGE LED BY MAJOR MELLIS

FROM A SKETCH BY SURGEON-MAJOR J. A. RAVE

Colston Hall, Bristol

THE site on which the Colston Hall now stands was originally occupied by the priory of the Carmelites (White Friars), founded by Edward I. in 1267. At the Dissolution it was purchased by the Corporation, and was subsequently acquired by Sir John Young, who built the "great house" on the site of the priory, wherein he nobly entertained Queen Elizabeth.

Water, the "great house" was used as a sugar refinery; and in the year 1707 was purchased by Bristol's great philanthropist—Edward Colston, and adapted to the purposes of a boys' school. In 1861 the school was removed, and the property was purchased with a view to the erection of a public hall. The Colston's Hall Company was accordingly formed.

The hall was opened for public use in 1867. On September 1, 1898, a fire occurred in a clothing factory adjoining the hall, which spread to the Company's buildings, doing an immense amount of damage, destroying the fine organ and the auditorium, and leaving only the walls intact. Negotiations were at once commenced with a view to re-building the hall on an enlarged site, and the present hall, capable of holding over 4,000 people, has been erected upon most approved plans, in which especial regard has been paid to the safety and comfort of the public. A fine organ has been erected, which is the gift of Sir William Henry Wills, Bart., who, from the earliest history of the hall, has been one of the most valued members of the Board of Directors.

The architects are Messrs. Jones and Cumings, of London. Our sketch is by Alfred Leete.

Boers and Boxers

By CHARLES LOWE

LORD ROBERTS left for South Africa just in time to miss his Christmas dinner on land, and there is now a good prospect of his being able to return to England before the festival of peace on earth and goodwill to men—more so as his daughter, who had been stricken in fever, is now making rapid progress towards recovery. His own particular work in connection with the war will thus have lasted something less than a year, and, all things considered, the only wonder is that it should not have engaged him for longer.

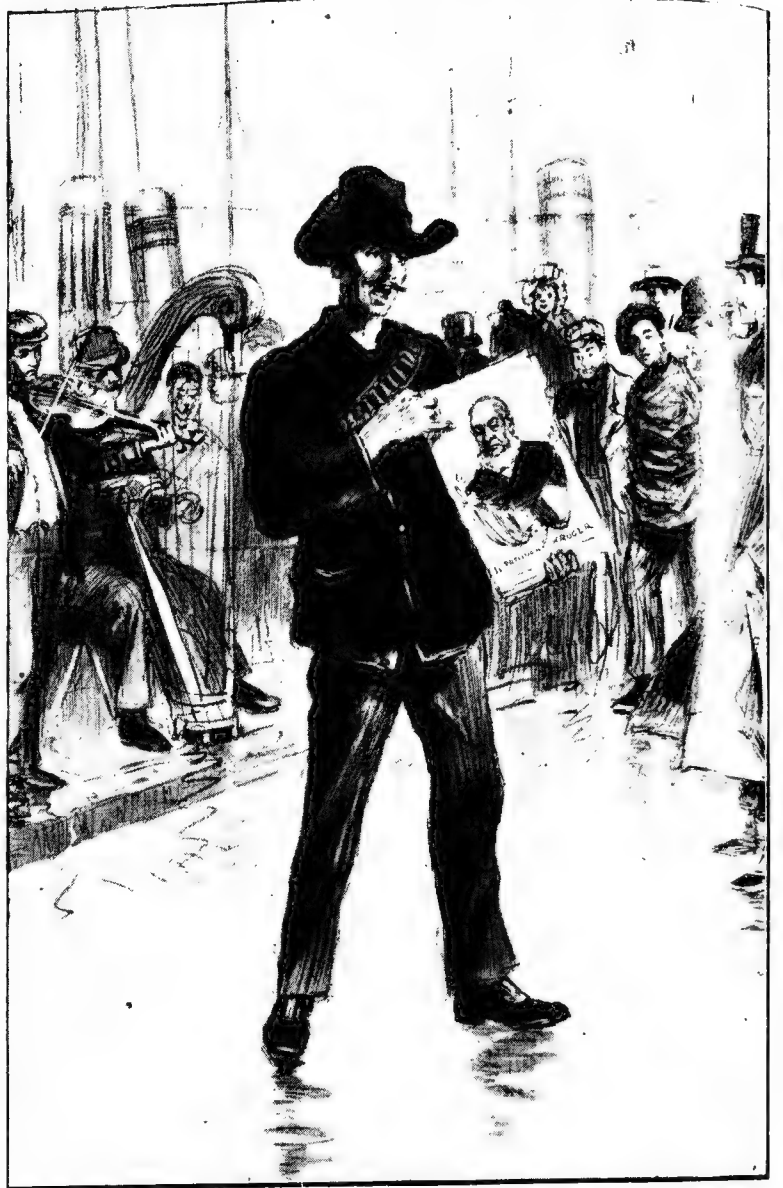
That the power of reason appears to be altogether absent from the war councils of the desperate and deluded combatants whom President Kruger, after robbing them of their all and left to their fate, may be inferred from the senseless opposition which they continue to oppose to our military possession of their country—an opposition which, by no possibility, can avail to undo their doom, and which is only tending to accentuate the severity of our measures for reducing them to subjection. Prominent among those measures would appear to be something like an adoption of the "renconcentrado" policy pursued by General Weyler in Cuba—a policy of depopulating the more inhabited districts of the Transvaal in consequence of the difficulty of dealing with the enemy while hampered by the presence of civilians. Lord Kitchener, at least, travelling in Mr. Steyn's railway carriage, has been making a flying visit to Natal for the purpose, evidently, of providing for the execution of this harsh but necessary policy; and already at Standerton all the Boer families in the neighbourhood are being gradually brought in, with their cattle, sheep, grain and forage; while the wives of Boers on commando have been notified to prepare to proceed to Natal. Our commanders continue to make large captures of prisoners, live stock and other munitions of war, though the weekly record of our killed and wounded—by "sniping" mainly—is still just serious enough to be exasperating.

At the same time our prospects in Boer-land are decidedly more hopeful than in Boxer-land, where it is difficult to see how the Chinese Government—whatever that means—can be made to comply with the "inexorable will" of the Allied Powers, as expressed in the eleven-point Note or Ultimatum agreed upon by the representatives at Peking. Most onerous of all those

eleven conditions is the second, which demands the infliction of capital punishment "on the Princes Kuang and Chuang, Duke Lau, Ying-huicn, Kangyi, Chao-shu-kiao, Tung-fu-hsiang, Yu-hsien, and other ringleaders still to be named by the Representatives of the Powers." Altogether the Ultimatum of the Powers is a document which demands that China shall go, not merely to "Canossa," but to a kind of political Calvary. Ten of its conditions, exacting and humiliating as they are, might possibly be complied with; but as to the execution of the leading criminals—how is this to be carried out? *Quis custodiet custodiet?* "Being strictly guarded, with none obeying our commands," telegraphed the Emperor from Si-gnan-fu, "we cannot leave the province of Shensi." If the high-placed criminals aforesaid continue to control the Imperial Court, how is this Court going to decapitate those criminals?

Li Hung Chang submits that the Imperial Edict imposing various punishments on the Princes whose death the Powers demand is the utmost punishment which the Court is able to inflict, adding that he and his co-plenipotentiary, Prince Ching, are threatened by the Emperor with severe chastisement should they fail to induce the Ministers to accept this compromise—a fine argument this on the part of Chinese negotiators who had been furnished with "full powers"! Li Hung Chang's logic is all the more grotesque and ludicrous, as the Imperial Edict in question, which was thrown as a satisfying sop to Cerberus, merely condemns two of the criminal Princes to banishment—and then only to Moukden, not even to Germany—while degrading others, and "retiring" some from office. As for one or two other delinquents, they were declared to be now dead, and thus beyond the reach of earthly justice. No wonder that Mr. Hay's feeling about the Chinese negotiations is declared from Washington to be one "of disgust mingled with apprehension," as the "Allies are bound to lose prestige by demanding impossibilities and then retreating."

Yet the Kaiser seems to be far from sharing the apprehensions of Mr. Hay. His late speech from the throne, no less than the Reichstag discourse of Count von Buelow, breathes a spirit of calmly bold insistence; nor is he to be turned from his purpose by another telegram to him from the Emperor of China, which promises the infliction of severe punishment on those who were accomplices in the murder of Baron von Ketteler, and declares that he will fix a time for his return to Peking as soon as the peace negotiations attain the desired result. As for the Dowager-Empress, who was reported defunct, "she is neither dead nor ill," says Li Hung Chang. Indeed, the whole present situation may be summed up in the words of an official German report, which says that "although the Emperor Kwang-su may have every desire to yield to the demands of the Powers, he is still under the control of a strong anti-foreign party, whose measures are the reverse of submissive." On the other hand, "the vast distances and the inadequacy of the Allied Forces prohibit any attempt to penetrate to the remoter territories of the huge Empire." All that these forces have hitherto been able to do is to rescue the Legations and clear the country between Taku and Peking. It remains to be seen what the Powers can and will do to impose their will on a Court and Government which are beyond the reach of their armies.



Swarms of Parisian hawkers and street musicians and poets have arrived at Marseille. Medals, and buttons with Mr. Kruger's portrait are offered for sale by the former, while the latter sing songs of "heroic Boers." One of these street singers is got up in what is meant to be Boer costume—slouch hat and bandolier. He marches about singing the praise of the Boers and of the ex-President, whose portrait he offers for sale.

WAITING FOR MR. KRUGER: A POET OF THE PAVEMENT AT MARSEILLE

DRAWN BY H. LANOS

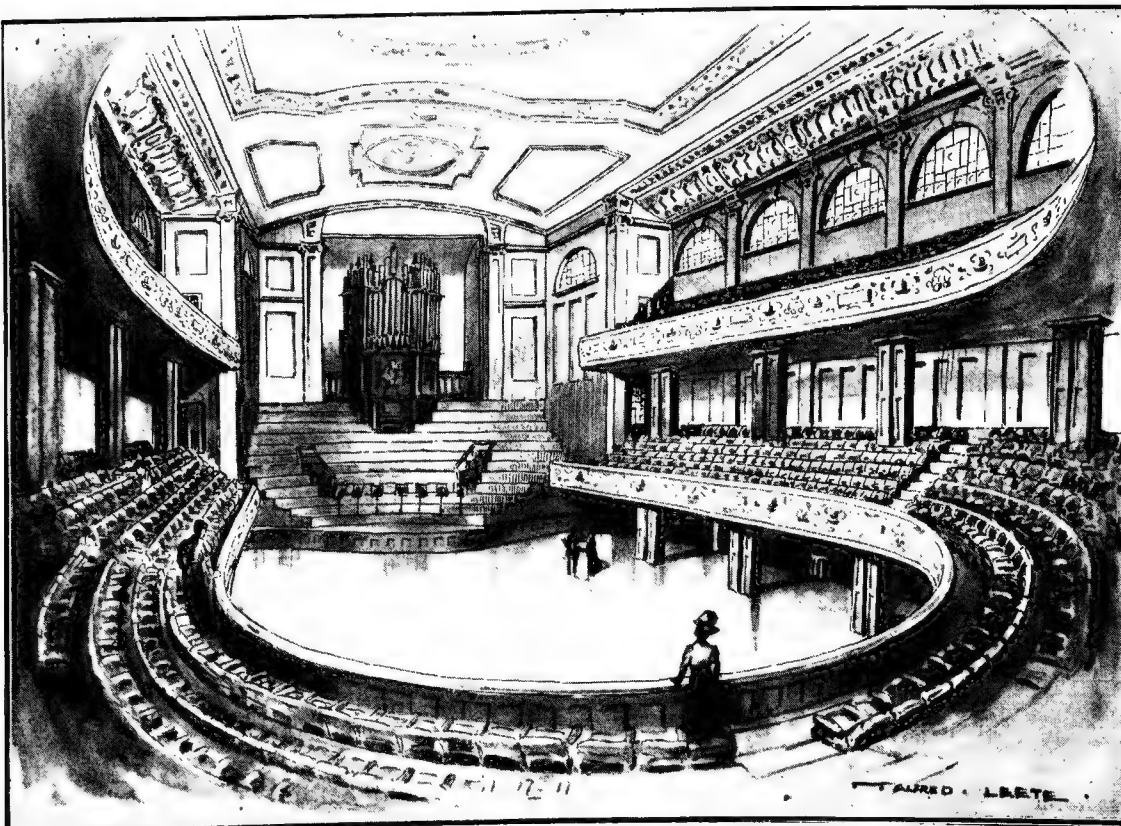
The New Ministry

Now that the new Cabinet, the largest on record, is constituted, it is interesting to glance for a moment over the changes which have been made. The number of alterations is far in excess of what was at one time anticipated, and anyone looking at our departmental illustration will note that there are many new faces:—

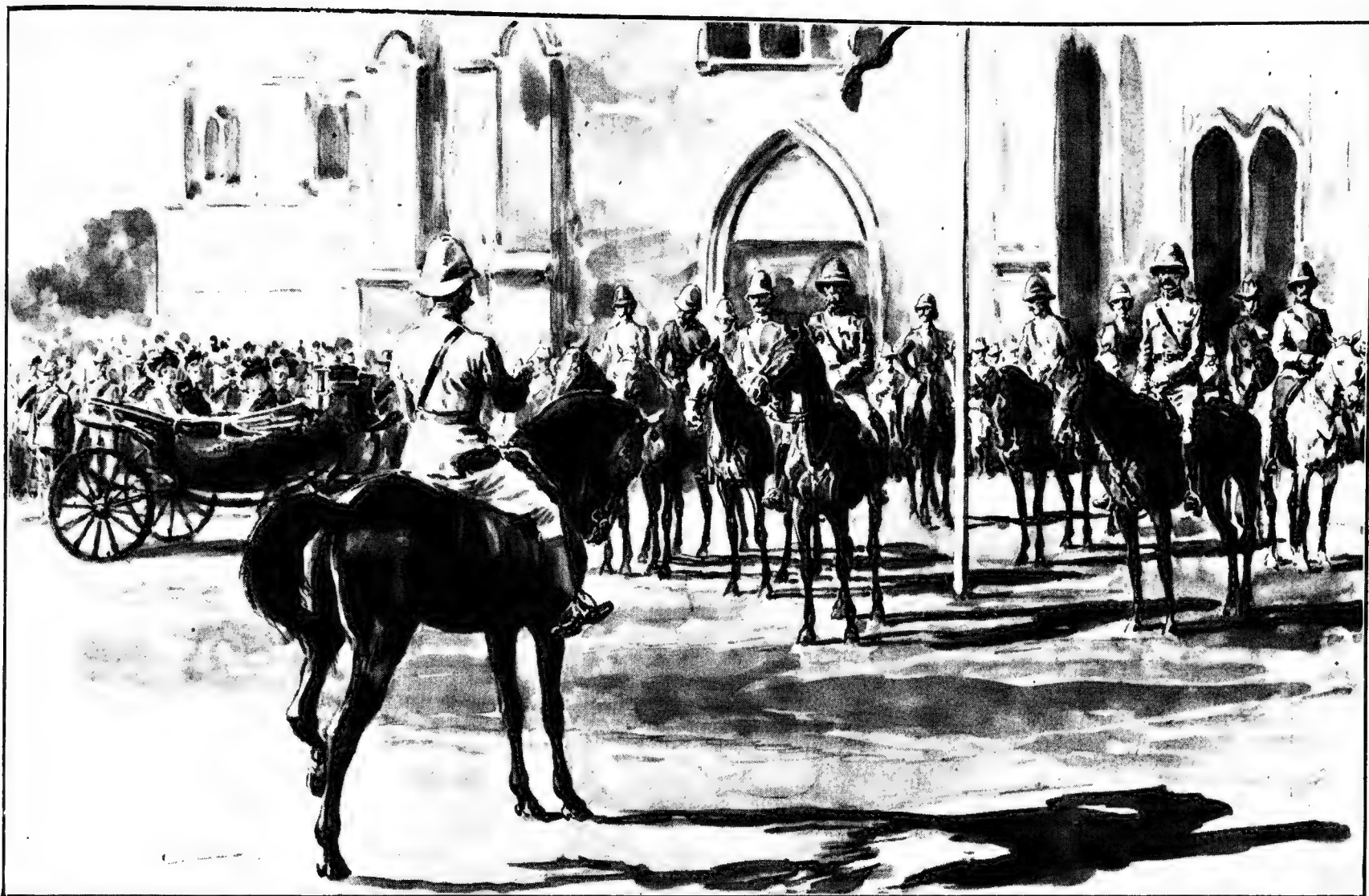
THE NEW MINISTRY			THE OLD		
Marquess of Salisbury ..	Prime Minister ..	Marquess of Salisbury ..	Marquess of Salisbury ..	Marquess of Salisbury ..	Marquess of Salisbury ..
Earl of Halsbury ..	Lord High Chancellor ..	Earl of Halsbury ..	Earl of Halsbury ..	Earl of Halsbury ..	Earl of Halsbury ..
Duke of Devonshire ..	Lord President of Council ..	Duke of Devonshire ..	Duke of Devonshire ..	Duke of Devonshire ..	Duke of Devonshire ..
Marquess of Salisbury ..	Lord Privy Seal ..	Marquess of Salisbury ..	Marquess of Salisbury ..	Marquess of Salisbury ..	Marquess of Salisbury ..
Sir M. Hicks Beach, Bt. ..	Chancellor of the Exchequer ..	Sir M. Hicks Beach, Bt. ..	Sir M. Hicks Beach, Bt. ..	Sir M. Hicks Beach, Bt. ..	Sir M. Hicks Beach, Bt. ..
C. T. Ritchie ..	Secretary of State Home Department ..	C. T. Ritchie ..	C. T. Ritchie ..	C. T. Ritchie ..	C. T. Ritchie ..
Marquess of Lansdowne ..	Secretary of State Foreign Department ..	Marquess of Lansdowne ..	Marquess of Lansdowne ..	Marquess of Lansdowne ..	Marquess of Lansdowne ..
J. Chamberlain ..	Secretary of State Colonial Department ..	J. Chamberlain ..	J. Chamberlain ..	J. Chamberlain ..	J. Chamberlain ..
St. J. Brodrick ..	Secretary of State War Department ..	St. J. Brodrick ..	St. J. Brodrick ..	St. J. Brodrick ..	St. J. Brodrick ..
Lord G. Hamilton ..	Secretary of State Indian Department ..	Lord G. Hamilton ..	Lord G. Hamilton ..	Lord G. Hamilton ..	Lord G. Hamilton ..
Lord Balfour of Burleigh ..	Secretary for Scotland ..	Lord Balfour of Burleigh ..	Lord Balfour of Burleigh ..	Lord Balfour of Burleigh ..	Lord Balfour of Burleigh ..
Earl of Selborne ..	First Lord of Admiralty ..	Earl of Selborne ..	Earl of Selborne ..	Earl of Selborne ..	Earl of Selborne ..
A. J. Balfour ..	First Lord of the Treasury ..	A. J. Balfour ..	A. J. Balfour ..	A. J. Balfour ..	A. J. Balfour ..
Earl Cadogan ..	Lord Lieutenant of Ireland ..	Earl Cadogan ..	Earl Cadogan ..	Earl Cadogan ..	Earl Cadogan ..
Lord Ashbourne ..	Lord Chancellor of Ireland ..	Lord Ashbourne ..	Lord Ashbourne ..	Lord Ashbourne ..	Lord Ashbourne ..
Gerald Balfour ..	President Board of Trade ..	Gerald Balfour ..	Gerald Balfour ..	Gerald Balfour ..	Gerald Balfour ..
Lord James of Hereford ..	Chancellor Duchy of Lancaster ..	Lord James of Hereford ..	Lord James of Hereford ..	Lord James of Hereford ..	Lord James of Hereford ..
Walter H. Long ..	President Local Government Board ..	Walter H. Long ..	Walter H. Long ..	Walter H. Long ..	Walter H. Long ..
R. W. Hanbury ..	President Board of Agriculture ..	R. W. Hanbury ..	R. W. Hanbury ..	R. W. Hanbury ..	R. W. Hanbury ..
A. Akers Douglas ..	Works and Public Buildings ..	A. Akers Douglas ..	A. Akers Douglas ..	A. Akers Douglas ..	A. Akers Douglas ..
Marquess of Londonderry ..	Postmaster-General ..	Marquess of Londonderry ..	Marquess of Londonderry ..	Marquess of Londonderry ..	Marquess of Londonderry ..

Outside the Cabinet the most important changes include appointments of Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., as Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in place of Mr. Gerald Balfour; of Viscount Cranbourne as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in place of Mr. St. John Brodrick; of Mr. J. Chamberlain as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, in place of Mr. R. W. Hanbury; of Lord Stanley as Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, in place of Mr. Powell Williams; and Mr. Arnold Forster as Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, in place of Mr. E. Macartney.

Our photograph of Sir Redvers Buller's reception at Aldershot in our issue of last week, was by Frith, Reigate.



THE NEW COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL



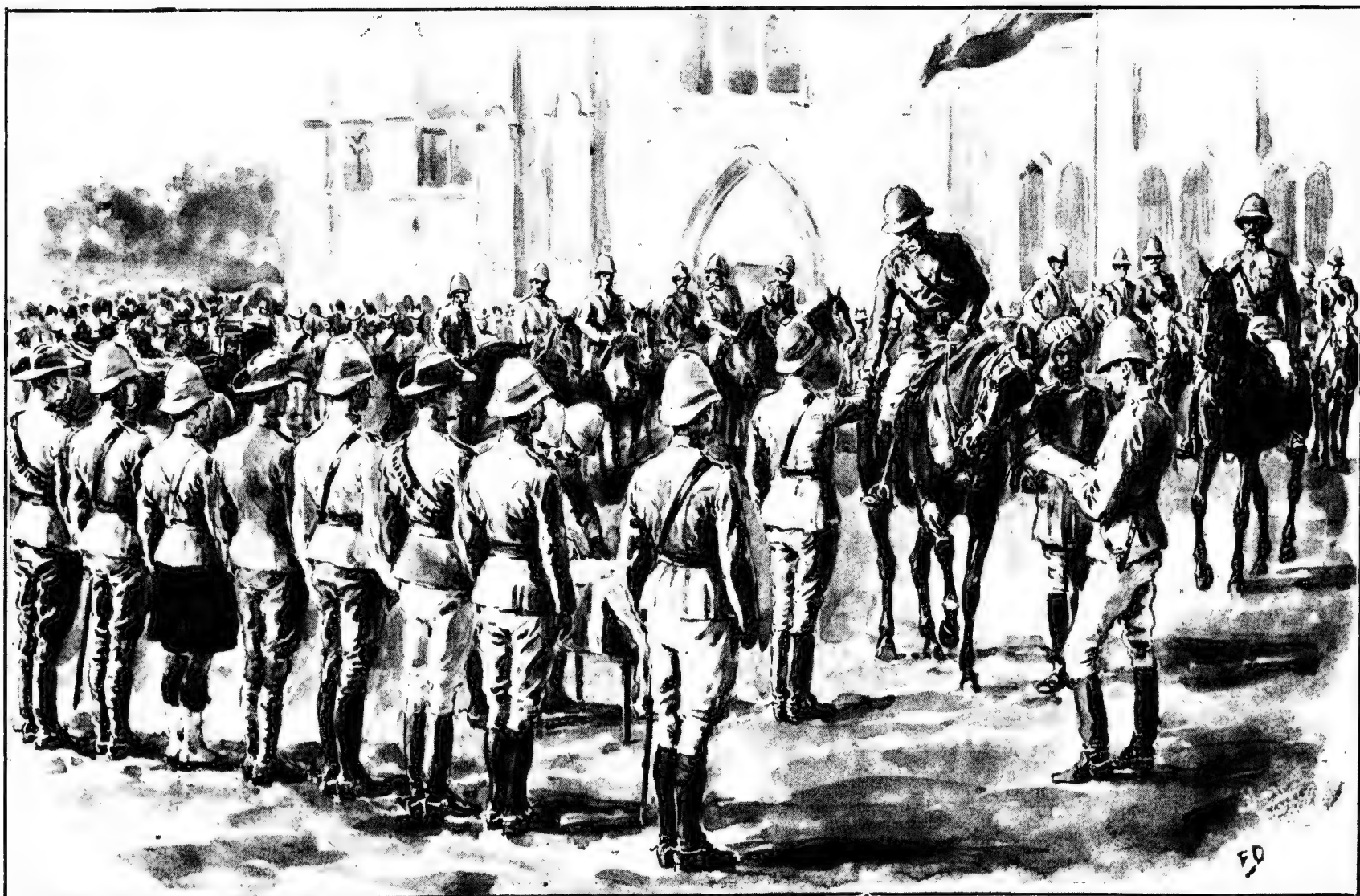
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUT. E. BLAKE KNOX

The ceremony of proclaiming the annexation of the Transvaal, on October 25, passed off most successfully. As the Royal Standard was hoisted in the main square the Grenadier Guards presented arms, and the massed bands played "God Save the Queen." A salute of twenty-one guns was fired by

the 18th Battery. The Military Governor then read the proclamation. The bands again played "God Save the Queen," and the troops gave three cheers for Her Majesty. Lady Roberts and her two daughters, dressed in black, were present in an open brougham, the horses of which had been taken out on their arrival

THE ANNEXATION OF THE TRANSVAAL: THE PROCLAMATION CEREMONY IN PRETORIA



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT E. BLAKE KNOX

At the close of the annexation ceremony six candidates for the Victoria Cross advanced to the centre of the square and received the decoration at the hands of the Commander-in-Chief, who pinned on the medal himself, and shook hands with each recipient. Then the troops in garrison marched past. "The Colonies," said Lord Roberts, in his despatch, "were represented by the Royal Canadian Regiment, the New Zealand Mounted Infantry, the Body Guard, Roberts's Horse, and various details: England by A and J Batteries Royal Horse Artillery, 18th Battery Royal Field Artillery, 33rd Company Southern Royal Artillery, 26th Company Royal Engineers, Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, Norfolk,

Lincoln and Hampshire Regiments, and 1st King's Royal Rifles; Scotland by a detachment of Royal Scots Fusiliers, the regiment which was at Pretoria when the British flag was hauled down and the South African Republic flag hoisted in 1881, and by the Gordon Highlanders; Ireland by the Royal Irish Regiment; the Yeomanry by the 43rd Company; and the Volunteers by sixteen companies of various regiments, all of which will shortly proceed to England. Six thousand two hundred troops marched past, all looking in the best of health and most workmanlike. Wales would have been represented by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, but that distinguished corps is engaged to-day adding fresh laurels to its splendid reputation."

PRESENTATION OF VICTORIA CROSSES BY LORD ROBERTS AFTER THE ANNEXATION CEREMONY IN PRETORIA

Lord Curzon,
Foreign Secretary

Lord James of Hereford,
Chancellor of the
Duchy of Lancaster

Lord George Hamilton,
Secretary for India

Mr. Walter Long,
President of the Local Government
Board

Lord Ashbourne,
Lord Chancellor of Ireland

Mr. St. John Brodrick,
Secretary for War

Mr. A. Akers-Douglas,
First Commissioner of Works

Mr. C. F. Ritchie,
Home Secretary

Marquess of Londonderry,
Postmaster General

Mr. R. W. H. Murray,
President of the
Board of Agriculture



The Marquess of Lansdowne,
Foreign Secretary

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain,
Colonial Secretary

The Earl of Salisbury,
First Lord of
the Admiralty

The Marquess of Salisbury,
Prime Minister and Lord Privy Seal

Mr. St. John Brodrick,
Secretary for War

Sir M. Hicks-Beach,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

Mr. A. J. Balfour,
First Lord of the Treasury

The Earl of Halsbury,
Lord Chancellor

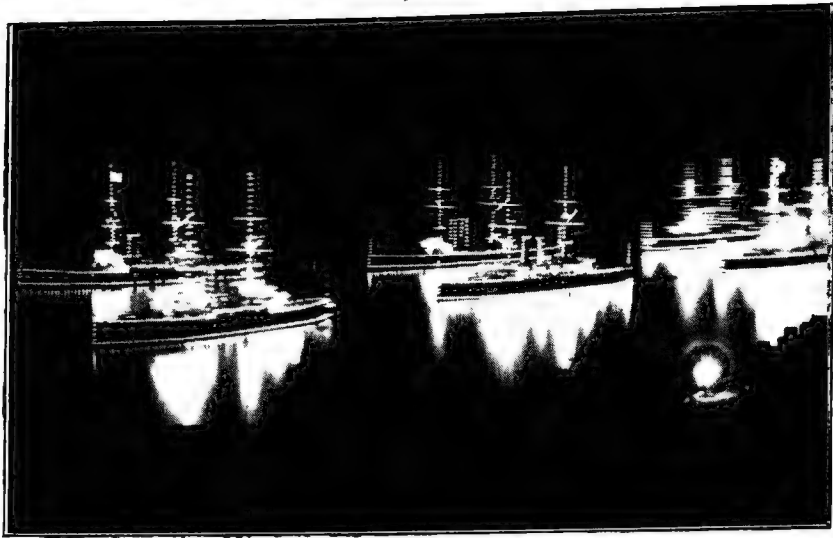
The Duke of Devonshire,
Lord President of the Council

Lord E. B. Forster,
Secretary for Scotland

"The Swashbuckler" at the Duke of York's Theatre

By W. MOY THOMAS

MR. PARKER'S "new romantic comedy" may be regarded with favour by playgoers who are weary of the cant and pretentiousness of the modern "problem play," for there is not a suspicion of a "problem" about it, nor does it comprise a single incident or utterance which could possibly bring a charge of neglect of duty upon the Lord Chamberlain's Licensor of Plays. Berquin and Florian, indeed, are not more innocent than the story which Mr. Parker, with the aid of some borrowings from the adventures of Rosalind and Orlando in the Forest of Arden, has invented for the entertainment of the patrons of the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre. But the ordinary playgoer of these times and, indeed, of most times, looks for something more substantial than a mere innocent prettiness. He may be pleased to observe that there is no indelicate suggestion, or flagrant breach of the commandments; but he will expect some truth-like conflict of passion or some serious ruffling of the course of true love, together with a fair amount of ingenuity in the tying of the knot which is to be solved before the fall of the curtain. Mr. Parker's play is in great measure an attempt to dispense with these indispensable elements. His boisterously impulsive hero, who, with his little band of followers, is ever ready to draw his sword on behalf of "beautie brought to unworthie wretchedness," is, no doubt, an interesting and, in the person of Mr. Herbert Waring, is unquestionably a picturesque personage. He is moreover capable of something more than love at first sight, for his passion breaks forth when he has never been in the presence of the heroine save with his eyes blindfolded. But his services to the lady consist simply in twice releasing her from imprisonment in a castle—which seems to be in each case a very easy task—and once befriending her when, disguised in doublet and hose, like the merry daughter of the banished Duke, her wanderings have brought her into the heart of the forest. Enemies and persecutors has the Countess Loretta—folk who want to marry her—for if her missing cousin does not turn up she is a wealthy heiress—to ineligible suitors, and who, when she objects, have no scruple in locking her up for safe keeping; but it cannot be honestly said that the spectators are for one moment in the least anxiety on her account, still less on the account of her swashbuckling lover Max, in whom they are not slow to discover the missing heir to the castle and estates of Andian. Of Mr. Waring's Max I have already spoken. Its sentimental side would probably make a stronger impression if the actor's boisterousness were more often permitted



Canopus
Cesari

Renown
Royal Sovereign

Cesari
Royal Oak
Ramillies

On the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's departure from Malta the battleships were brilliantly illuminated, and presented a fine spectacle. A dinner and reception on board the flagship *Renown* were largely attended, and proved a splendid success. H.M.S. *Cesari* sailed at midnight for Naples with Mr. Chamberlain on board.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE FLEET ILLUMINATED AT MALTA

to subside. Miss Evelyn Millard's Countess Loretta is delightful in its sprightly grace and womanly feeling, and Mr. Shelton's Kauz—the leading member of the Swashbuckler's trio of followers, though he appears to have made the over-judicious "grieve," was certainly successful in amusing the audience. The play is beautifully mounted, each of its four acts being provided with a very picturesque set scene, and a word of praise is due to Mr. Edward Jones's tuneful overture and entr'acts.

The "Agamemnon" at Cambridge

A PERFORMANCE of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus has just been given at the Cambridge New Theatre. The play was admirably staged by Mr. J. W. Clark and Mr. H. J. Edwards. The part of Cassandra, the weird prophetess, was effectively rendered by Mr. J. F. Crace, who held his audience almost spellbound. Clytemnestra, a by no means easy part, was taken by Mr. F. H. Lucas, who, though he lacked gesture, had a good delivery. Mr. H. H. King (Agamemnon), Mr. L. G. Back (Ægisthus), Mr. E. S. Montagu (the Witchman), Mr. E. L. Ward (the Herald), deserve credit. Nor must we forget Mr. F. Sidgwick (Choragus), who was excellent in declamation. The music was by Sir Hubert Parry, who conducted the first performance.

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE noble series of rare mezzotints by David Lucas after Constable's works are now being exhibited in the late Lord Leighton's house, all in trial state. Those who would see these fine works should visit the newly arranged Leighton House at the same time will find a surprise awaiting them.

To the frightful skill with which the art-forgers of the present day conduct their operations—the exquisite taste, profound scholarship, scientific knowledge, and perfect workmanship of which they give ample testimony in the production of their illicit masterpieces of reproduction and even of creation—eloquent witness is borne in the new eclectic art society which has just been founded in Paris for the mutual protection of experts, collectors, and museum directors, against their deluge, but utterly immoral machinations. It is practically a *Verbund* of museum directors which is now established. The English members are Lord Dillon (President of the Society of Antiquaries), Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. Charles Read, of the British Museum, and Mr. Purdon Clarke, of the Victoria and Albert Museum; while all the more important German, Austrian, and Hungarian Museums are represented in the society. It is a curious fact that the French Directors and Keepers hold aloof, as though no forgeries had ever been bought at the Louvre or elsewhere, and no protection were required.

Yet how necessary such a society must be—how valuable is an organisation which, among other things, can defeat the operations of the forgers by quickly passing round the word as soon as any doubtful piece is offered for sale—is obvious to any one who has crossed the trail of these gentry. Years ago a skilled craftsman—a perfectly honest man—introduced himself to me as able to reproduce any object in absolute *facsimile*. I was able to recommend him to a museum director who happened to require an exact reproduction of an ancient crucifix in ebony, with the figure in ivory. The craftsman did the work so perfectly in the course of a few days that at first sight the copy could not be distinguished from the original. Yet this admirable artist could hardly earn a living, could scarce even obtain employment. The dishonest ones of the craft can gain a fortune with a clever "plant," and often enough can defy detection. So Tietzkiwich—(is not that the spelling of



CLYTEMNESTRA EXULTING OVER THE BODIES OF AGAMEMNON AND CASSANDRA

THE "AGAMEMNON" OF ÆSCHYLUS AT CAMBRIDGE: A SCENE IN ACT III.

DRAWN BY C. E. BROCK



THE LATE MAJOR J. H. CRAMER
Died of fever at Prahsu



THE LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT H. G. W.
WOODHOUSE
Died of wounds received near Vrede



THE LATE CAPT. W. B. CHAPPELL HODGE
Died of wounds received at Sypherfontein



THE REV. H. HENSLEY HENSON
New Canon of Westminster and Rector of
St. Margaret's

name?)—the most learned of collectors, whose treasures, in instances discovered and excavated by himself, now adorn the Ashmolean Museum, Louvre, and the most admirable private cabinets in Europe, formally gave up collecting gems and bronzes when he was struck with a shock that there remained nothing in them that he could not reproduce. Even the action of time upon the metal or gem, and of the chemical action of Campagna soil upon the bronze—setting up in a few weeks the disease in the metal which the original has taken Nature two thousand years to produce, he not only setting it up, but succeeding in making it progress forward at the normal rate—all this can the forger do. He sometimes fails in his scholarship, and therein the museum is his superior.

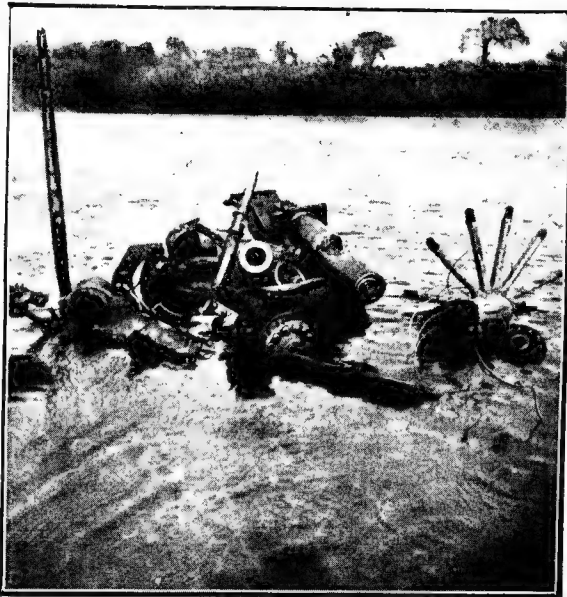
I remember how once Monsieur Molinier, of the Louvre, was able to detect a forgery by discovering upon the object, by aid of a glass, the mark of a tool which did not exist when the work was supposed to have been made. With the new organisation it seems likely that the master-faker will be driven to confine his operations to a field comprising France, Russia, and America; but whether he will be enabled to increase therein his number of "plants" is quite another matter.

It is unlikely that any such *chefs-d'œuvre* of falsification will appear in the exhibition of European silver plate which is to form the subject of display next January at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, for if any are presented they will very quickly be detected. Yet, in view of the fabulous prices commanded by these objects, imitation by dishonest master-craftsmen must be a great temptation. The exhibition will be confined to specimens specially remarkable for design and workmanship, and will probably consist in the main of well-known pieces.

The name of Mr. William Mouncey is practically unknown south of the Tweed, but it well deserves to be familiar to the lover of pictures. The exhibition of his works now being held in Regent Street comes to us with a pleasant surprise of a discovery. Mr. Mouncey, who is already a middle-aged man, and who has been content to work in obscurity so far as any effort of his own to the contrary is concerned, is a true artist, a man who is a born colourist and extremely personal, although we sometimes see in his occasionally Glasgow manner traces of certain Dutch painters and of French. It is, be it observed, an artist rather than a naturalist, but he has a nature with all his art and with all his palette. Many will ask that he is too demonstrative in the way in which he floats the colour on to his canvas; others will protest that he oversteps the limit of the use of the palette-knife; but the fact remains that he can be as golden or delicately silvery, as he pleases, that his canvases are full of atmosphere, and that in his agreeable art he gives evidence of a fine sense of style.

Our Portraits

MAJOR JOCELYN HENRY CRAMER, who died recently of fever at Prahsu, West Africa, was one of the ablest officers of the Gold Coast Constabulary. He entered that service in 1891 from the Highland Light Infantry. He served in the first Ashanti Expedition in 1893, and again in the expedition of 1896 under Sir Francis



In the Crocodile River were found several guns blown up by the Boers. They consisted of Pom-Poms, a Creusot gun, and a 15-pounder, captured at Colenso, which had belonged to Colonel Long's Battery. Our photograph is by a British officer

WHAT THE BOERS DID WITH THEIR GUNS AT HECTOR'S SPRUIT

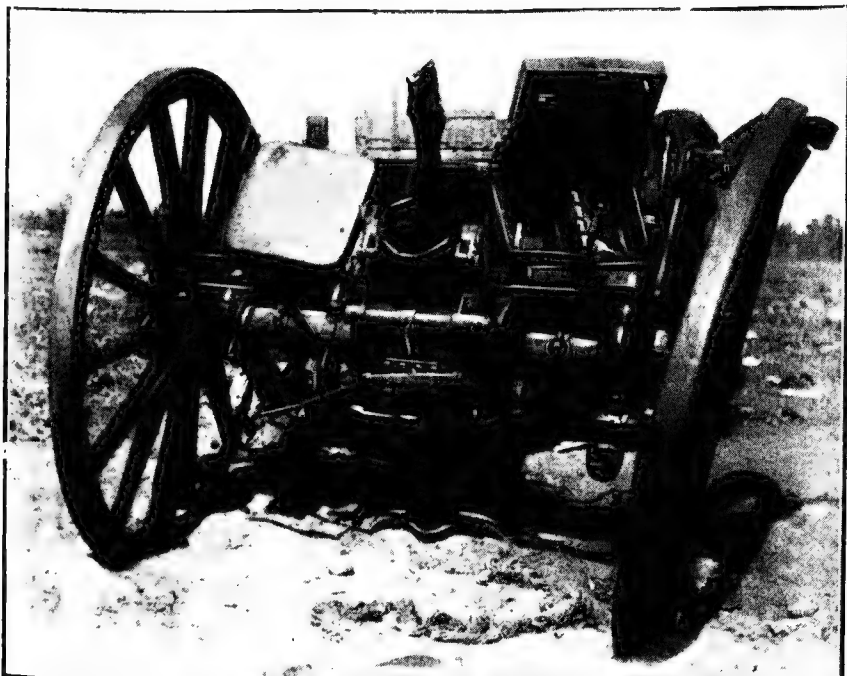
Scott. He commanded the military escort accompanying the Henderson Expedition to Samory in 1897. It was during this expedition that he distinguished himself by saving his detachment from the overwhelming force of Sofas which surrounded him at Wa, when Lieutenant Henderson was detained as a hostage by Samory's son. He was gazetted Major in October, 1898, and went on special service to the Awna country in August, 1899, and received the special approval of the Colonial Secretary on the

result of his mission. He acted as Deputy Inspector General at Accra in 1899. On the outbreak of the recent disturbance in Ashanti he was on leave in England, but went out as soon as his health permitted, and proceeded to the front to serve under Colonel Sir James Willcocks, being present at the action of Dompsoasi on June 29, when the rebels were forced to retire on Kwisa. He was with Colonel Carter's column in the beginning of July, and was later entrusted with the raising of native levies at Insuani, clearing the country behind the main column and guarding the Prah. He was about to return to take command at Accra when he was struck down with fever and died on October 19. Major Cramer was thirty-seven years of age, and belonged to a well-known Cork family. He married in 1896 Miss Macnaughten Jones, the only daughter of Dr. Macnaughten Jones, of Harley Street. Our portrait is by Thomas Fall, Baker Street.

Second Lieutenant Henry George Wilkinson Woodhouse, 2nd Battalion Manchester Regiment, who died of wounds received near Vrede on November 9, was the eldest son of Mr. S. H. Woodhouse, of Heatherton Park, Taunton. In February of last year he joined the 4th Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry (the Militia Battalion), which was embodied last December, and subsequently sent to South Africa. He obtained his commission in April last in the Manchester Regiment, with which he had served less than seven months. Our portrait is by Wheeler, Weymouth.

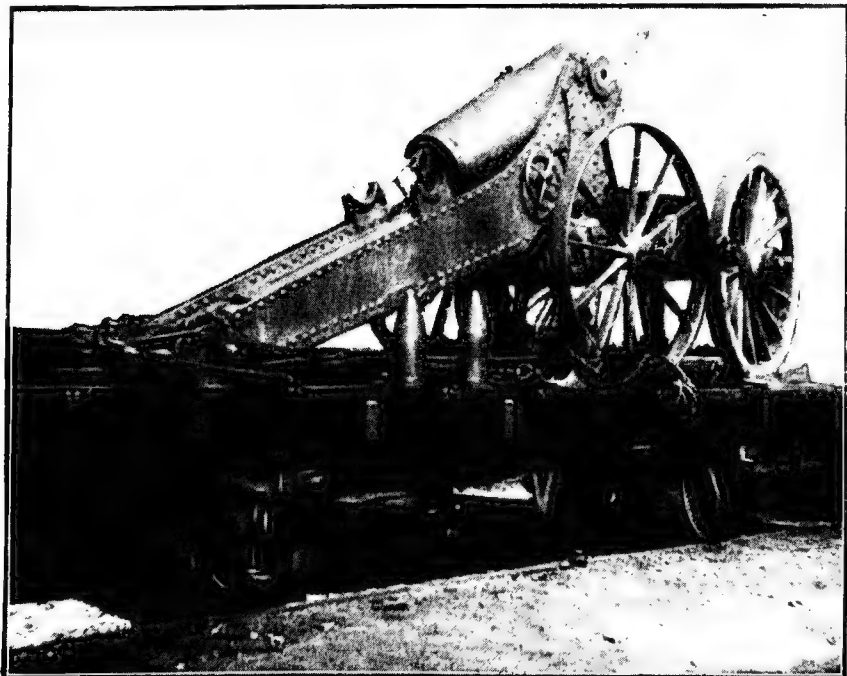
The Rev. Herbert Hensley Henson, who has been appointed to succeed Canon Armitage Robinson in the rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and in the canonry attached to it, took his degree at Oxford as a non-collegiate student in 1884 with a "First" in modern history, and was at once elected to a Fellowship at All Souls' College. He was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford in 1887, and became for a short time head of the Oxford House, Bethnal Green, where he was succeeded by Bishop Winnington-Ingram. In 1888 he accepted from All Souls' College the vicarage of Barking, Essex, which he held till 1895. In 1895 Lord Salisbury appointed him to the chaplaincy of the Hospital of St. Mary, Ilford. Mr. Henson, who is only thirty-seven, has long been known as a trenchant and telling letter-writer, and it is much to be hoped that the strain of parochial work will not again prove too severe for him, for when at Barking his health broke down, and this was the cause of his retirement. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Captain W. B. C. Hodge, of the 6th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, died on November 1 of the wounds which he had received the previous day at Sypherfontein. He was formerly a captain in the 12th Lancers, and joined the Imperial Yeomanry with the temporary rank of captain in the Army. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.



On the approach of the Eleventh Division the Boers retired rapidly from Hector's Spruit and destroyed their artillery. The Crocodile River was full of blown-up guns. The picture shows the remains of one which belonged to the "U" Battery R.H.A., captured at Sanna's Post last March. Our photograph is by Lieutenant O. W. Elsner

AN OLD FRIEND IN EVIL FLIGHT



The Boers tried to get this gun in position on a hill by the Portuguese frontier on the approach of General Pole-Carew's Division on Komati Poort. Being unable to do so they destroyed the gun by blowing away the whole muzzle down to the forward trunnion. It was found by the Eleventh Division and placed by gunners on a truck with two shells (95 pounders) and sent to Pretoria to Lord Roberts. It will possibly be sent to England. Our photograph is by Lieut. O. W. Elsner

"LONG TOM" CAPTURED AT LAST



DESMOND'S WEAPON PIERCED HIS THROAT

From "In the Irish Brigade," by G. A. Henty. Illustrated by Charles M. Shelton (Blackie and Son)

From the Christmas Bookshelf

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"GOLDEN HAIR AND CURLY HEAD" (Hurst and Blackett) is a sweet, simple little story told inverse by Mr. Allen Upward, of two little children whose father, a sailor, is thought to be lost at sea. The illustrations, by Harold Copping, are unusually pretty and effective.

"Goops, and How to be Them" (Methuen) is, according to Mr. Gelett Burgess, "a manual of manners for polite infants, incul-

ating many juvenile virtues both by precept and example." The Goops are most horrid little creatures, but we must admit they are extremely amusing. "In rudeness they're precocious, they're atrocious, they're ferocious," and by studying their faults children will know how to avoid becoming them. "For, although it's fun to see them. It is terrible to be them."

There is no more amusing "animal book" than the "Tales Told in the Zoo" (Unwin), by F. Carruthers Gould and F. H. Carruthers Gould. They are, indeed, wonderful stories related by the animals, birds, &c., themselves. Besides being amusing and also instructive to the young, older people will get a good deal of fun both out of the excellent drawings and the quaintness of the tales.

"Bubbles: His Book" (Unwin) is a collection of fairy stories of the good old-fashioned type, stories that would delight the younger bairns, written by R. F. Irvine and illustrated with many colour plates and other drawings by D. H. Souter.

"The Child's Picture Grammar" (Allen) is really amusing, and no child would be likely to forget the lessons taught in such an entertaining way by Miss Rosamund Praeger.

A volume that is sure of a hearty welcome is "In the Deep Woods" (Heinemann), consisting of a number of stories of the lives, amusements, frolics, and wickednesses of the smaller denizens of forest and woodland. The tales are admirably told by Albert Bigelow Paine and illustrated by J. M. Condé.

Amusingly written and effectively illustrated is "A Trip to Toyland," told by Henry Mayer (Richards), in which are described the adventures of the Dumpy Babe in a land where toys are imbued with life and powers of thought and speech.

"The Animals' Trip to Sea" (Nister) is another capital book for small children. The illustrations, by G. H. Thomson, are bright, attractive, and full of amusing details, and the same words apply equally well to the descriptive rhyme by Clifton Bingham.

"Piccallili" (Richards) is a collection of clever drawings of children at play or at work, with a short story to each, both picture and text being by Edith Farmiloe.

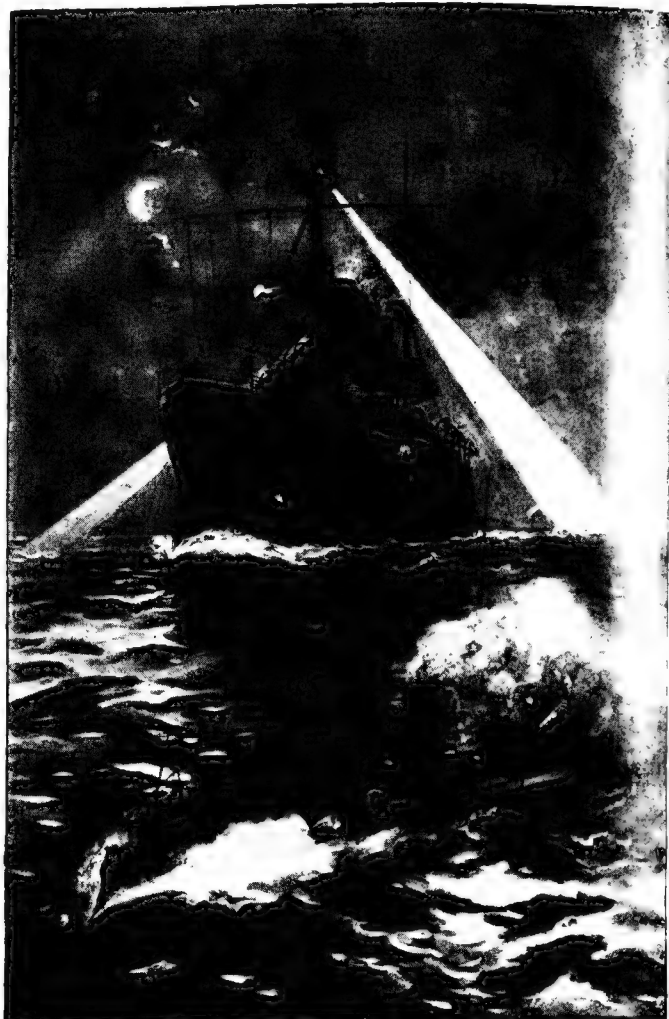
"IN THE IRISH BRIGADE"

Mr. Henty has chosen for one of his stories this year that queer but romantic period when Irishmen were not allowed to enlist in the English Army, those desiring a soldier's life being forced to seek it in foreign countries. The hero is a young officer in the Irish Brigade, which for many years after the siege

of Limerick formed the backbone of the French Army. He goes through many stirring adventures, successfully carries out several dangerous missions in Spain, saves a large portion of the French Army at Oudenarde, and even has the audacity to kidnap the Prime Minister of England. The illustration which we reproduce shows the hero and his man engaged in a fight against long odds in the courtyard of a house which they have entered because they heard a woman crying for help. Needless to say they rescue the lady, who is a person of importance, and leave her captors strewn about the ground.

"YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND"

Mr. Hayen's fascinating volume, from which we publish illustration, is a boy's book of the navy, designed to furnish a



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nected narrative of the exploits of our bluejackets: "to show what manner of men they were, and the kind of ships they fought in; to give some idea of what our country owes to the brave fellows who have for centuries held aloft unstained the British flag; and to trace from its inception to the present day the growth of our navy." The volume is abundantly illustrated, and more interesting than any romance, so full is it of gallant records and deeds of daring. The picture which we reproduce shows an incident which may be expected to be of frequent occurrence in the next naval war, namely, a battleship suddenly discovering by means of her searchlights

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9 5 by 7 3 .. 4 4 0		12 11 by 9 6 .. 7 4 0	
10 4 by 7 5 .. 4 14 0		12 4 by 10 7 .. 7 11 0	
10 4 by 7 7 .. 5 0 0		12 11 by 10 2 .. 7 14 0	
11 0 by 8 0 .. 5 2 0		13 1 by 10 11 .. 8 7 0	
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10 11 by 7 11 .. 5 6 0		11 0 by 11 0 .. 10 6 0	
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the dangerous proximity of a torpedo-boat. ("Ye Mariners of England." By Herbert Hayens. T. Nelson and Sons.)

FAIRY TALES

The complete edition of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" (Ward, Lock), translated by Beatrice Marshall, would make a handsome present for any child. Of the stories there is no need to speak, but a word should be said of an interesting little biography of the Brothers Grimm contained in the preface. The illustrations, by Gustave Doré and others, are both numerous and good.

"Eros and Psyche," a fairy tale of ancient Greece, retold after Apuleius by Paul Caras, and published by Kegan Paul and Company, might almost be considered an art book, so good are the plates by Paul Thumann, the celebrated German artist.

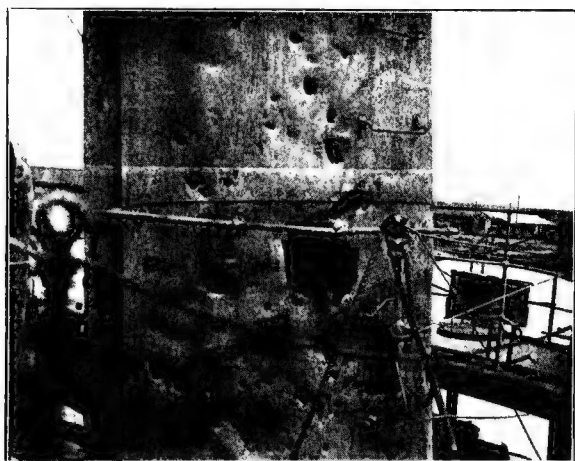
Another collection of stories, taken from the classics, is "Wonder Stories from Herodotus" (Harper), which includes the marvellous tale of "Arion and the Dolphin," "The Story of Croesus," and others, retold by G. H. Boden and W. Barrington d'Almerida, and illustrated in colours by Granville Fell.

ANNUALS

Cassell's Magazine shows no falling off in the excellency of its stories, nor in the number and finish of its illustrations. Among its literary contributors may be mentioned Levett-Yeats, Fred White, Major A. Griffiths, Basil Worsfold and Bret Harte, and amongst its artistic, Gordon Browne, Stanley Wood, Fred Vane, Pegram, Piffard, and others.

Home Words for Hearth and Home for this year is quite equal, or, perhaps, even superior to its predecessors. The serial story, "Owen Forrest of Ash Farm," is by Agnes Giberne, whilst shorter stories and articles are contributed by well-known writers and clergymen. This volume is, as usual, profusely illustrated.

We have also received the twelfth annual volume of Bubbles, edited by Dr. Barnado. It contains many interesting and instructive stories and articles, is illustrated with numerous colour plates, and would, undoubtedly, make an attractive present to both boys and girls.



The combined fleets of the Powers, having been fired on by the forts at Taku, bombarded them after addressing an ultimatum to the commander. The bombardment lasted seven hours, and the forts were then stormed. Among the warships engaged were the British sloop *Algerine* and the destroyers *Fane* and *Whiting*, and the German gunboat *Ilus*. The last named had her funnel riddled by shot and shell from the forts.

THE FUNNEL OF THE "ILUS" AFTER THE TAKING OF THE TAKU FORTS

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

In "Four-and-Twenty Toilers" (Richards) we have four-and-twenty pictures, by F. D. Bedford, of four-and-twenty individuals following their four-and-twenty different daily occupations, of which E. V. Lucas gives four-and-twenty descriptive poems.

For patriotic babies we have received a work dealing with war. "The Tremendous Twins" (Richards) go to Windsor to inform the Queen of their plan, they dismiss the staff of the War Office, punish the swindling contractors, and go to Africa, and beat the Boers. Such is the story told by the special poetical correspondent of the force, Mr. Ernest Ames, and pictured by the war artist, Mrs. Ames.

We have also received "Fiddlesticks" (Pearson), a number of clever and very original drawings of old nursery-rhyme subjects; "Our Darling's First Book" (Blackie), a capital and amusing first instruction book for the baby; "Who Killed Cock Robin?" (Richards), illustrated by J. A. Shepherd, whose drawings of birds and animals are always popular; "John Gilpin," with amusing illustrations by A. S. Forrest; and "Animal Land for Little People" (Cassell), an instructive and interesting volume, replete with short stories of wild and curious animals, and illustrated with capital photographs and coloured plates.

Opera in English

SINCE the close of the regular season at Covent Garden, in July, we have had no opera in London; but now, towards the end of the year, we are being presented with many works which are unfamiliar to the majority of British opera-goers. Last week, at the Coronet Theatre, the Carl Rosa Company produced for the first time in London, or rather the suburbs, Gounod's *Cinq Mars* and Spinelli's *A Basso Porto*. On Friday of this week they announce for the first time Goldmark's operatic version of Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth," which was produced in Vienna early in 1896, and was at one time among the "possibilities" at Covent Garden. Moreover, the students of the Royal College of Music have in active preparation for performance two or three weeks hence the English version of Weber's *Euryanthe*, which, except as to a very poor performance under Richter at Drury Lane eighteen years ago, has, it is said, not been heard in England since 1841, or in English since it was originally produced at Covent Garden in 1833. Lastly, the students of the Guildhall School of Music have in preparation for performance, shortly before Christmas, a revival of *La Bassoche*, which was originally produced at the building now known as the Palace Theatre, and, indeed, followed the long run of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe* at that establishment.

A Basso Porto, or, as it is known in English, *At the Harbour Side*, is a work which might have enjoyed wide popularity in England had it been allied to a more pleasant libretto. The authors of Spinelli's book have, however, preferred to go for their plot to the Records of the Italian Police Courts, although the story is, we believe, derived from Cognetti's "Scenes of Neapolitan Life," from which also *Cavalleria Rusticana* and other opera plots were borrowed. Details are quite unnecessary. The music is essentially in the style made popular by Mascagni and Leoncavallo, but the composer has strongly the gift of genuine Italian melody, and, moreover, he can be dramatic when he likes. The *Intermezzo* has already become popular in the concert room. The performance, considering that it was given by a travelling party collected mainly for provincial work, was a good one.

Gounod's *Cinq Mars* was produced in Paris as far back as 1877; and those who heard it at the Coronet Theatre last week may very well understand the reason why it has never yet been given at Covent Garden. Perhaps the fact that the libretto violates French history, and commits such startling anachronisms as the appearance of Father Joseph—known as "l'Éminence grise"—who died five years before *Cinq Mars* conspiracy, is likely to trouble French far more than the English operatic audiences, with whom, we fear, French history is not a very strong point. It is more to the purpose that the libretto is fragmentary, and music is by no means worthy of the composer of *Faust*. Of it, perhaps, occurs in the second act at the residence of Marion de Lorme. The conspiracy scene, on the hand, is rather poor, but among the musical gems are a love cavatina for the tenor in act. Mr. Walther was *Cinq* and Miss Révy the heroine. The company during the past week likewise given *Carmen*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Faust*, and various other works.



A prize for a singing competition instituted in Kimberley, open to school children. It takes the form of a Silver Challenge Shield, which has been presented to the winner, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street.

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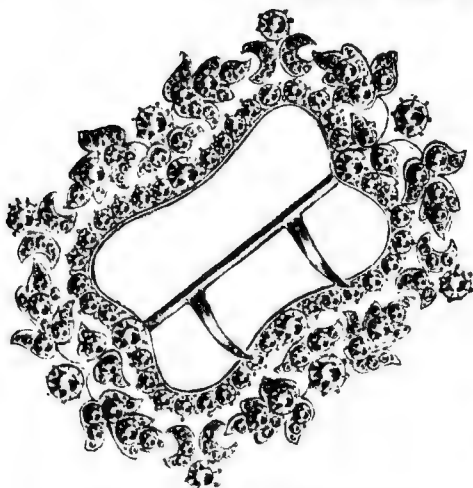
A War Badge

A BADGE has recently been presented by the Willesden District to Volunteers of Willesden returning from South Africa. A laurel wreath in solid silver, enclosing a shield, with the Arms and Motto of Willesden, in 18 ct. gold, is suspended from a silver bar, with the words "South Africa, 1899-1900," in relief. The bar is connected with the badge by a silver link in the form of a V, indicating that the recipient is a Volunteer. The design and manufacture were entrusted to Messrs. Mappin Brothers, Regent Street and Cheapside.

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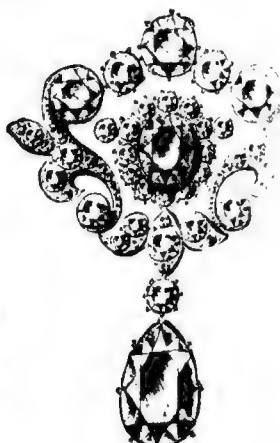
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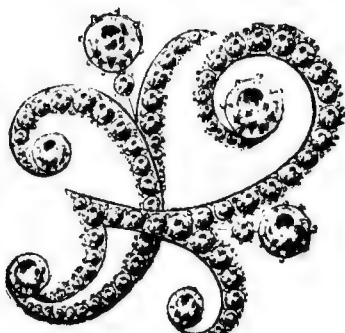
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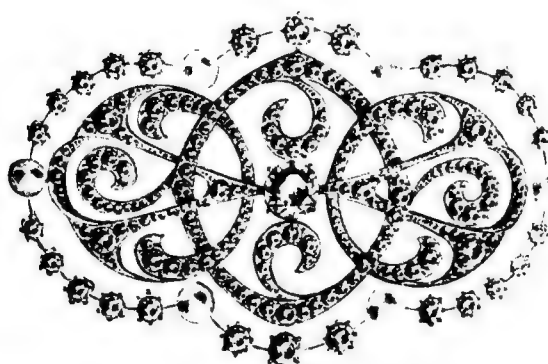
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Presentation to Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell

AMONGST the presentations which have been made to Lieut.-General Baden-Powell is a massive sterling silver salver, from the loyalists of Middelburg, Cape Colony. The general design of the salver, including as it does ostrich feathers and springbok heads, is most appropriate, as the country round Middelburg is the home of springbok and ostriches. The engraving on the face in scroll-work, includes the names of the places and regiments in which the gallant General has principally served. The salver was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London, Sheffield, and Johannesburg, after a design by Captain W. Hume Middlemass, of Middelburg (late 91st Highlanders).



The Magazines

THE "ANGLO-SAXON"

THERE is no lack of variety in the new volume of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, which appears this quarter in a very handsome red and gold cover copied from a binding by Le Gascon, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century. Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower writes on some little-known portraits of Emma, Lady Hamilton, with illustrations, one of the portraits by the German painter Tishbren being particularly charming. Mr. Edward Garnett writes on Tolstoy and Turgeneff, Mr. Andrew Lang on "Three Seeresses," two of these are still alive—Mrs. Piper and Mademoiselle "Hélène Smith"—while the third is poor Jeanne d'Arc. Fiction is represented by Maurice Maeterlinck, a translation of whose miracle play, *Sister Beatrice*, is furnished by Mr. Bernard Miall and by Mr. Earl Hodgson, who contributes a story called "Aunt Maisie's Indiscretion," while other contributors number Judge O'Connor Morris, Dr. Garnett, Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, Max Beerbohm, Mr. S. Lane Poole, etc.

THE "MONTHLY REVIEW"

The new number of the *Monthly Review* is even more interesting than the first, and well sustains the individuality of the review as a newcomer. Among the editorial articles, those on "National Character" and on "Cecil Rhodes" are fresh and vivid, the latter in particular giving tersely and well the characteristics of the man who said, "I have found out one thing, and that is, if you have an idea,

and it is a good idea, if you will only stick to it, you will come out all right." Mr. Archibald Colquhoun contributes an article with maps on the Trans-Siberian-Manchurian Railway, in which he calls attention, among other matters, to the way in which Paris advertised the line, mentioning that at the Paris Exhibition "a section might be seen occupied by the *train de luxe*, which will eventually run through from Paris to Vladivostok." Professor Laughton writes on "The Naval Exhibition at The Hague," the article being well illustrated with an admirable series of reproductions of models shown there, while lovers of the curious will turn to "The Murder of Pompilia," by W. Hall Griffin, in which much new light is shed on the tragedy which inspired Browning's "Ring and the Book," while "Some Chinese Masterpieces," by C. T. Holmes, with its illustrations of old bronzes and paintings, gives one quite a new conception of the fineness and dignity of old Chinese art. Fiction in the number is represented by a further instalment of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent."

THE YELLOW PERIL

The November dullness of the heavier reviews is broken this month in great measure by Sir Robert Hart's remarkable contribution to the history of the siege of the Peking Legations. Sir Robert sees the uprising of the Boxers in more serious light than do the majority, and exceedingly interesting is the manner in which he explains the attitude of the Chinese Government, which, noting all the advice rendered to it by various "friendly" European nations, and adopting certain suggestions, yet was quite astute enough to remember its own thirty years of historic teaching.

It looked at affairs abroad through its own eyes and the eyes of its representatives at foreign Courts, studied their reports and the printed utterances of books, magazines and newspapers, and the teaching thus received began gradually to crystallise in the belief that a huge standing army on European lines would be wasteful and dangerous, and that a volunteer association—as suggested, by the way, all over China, ranged itself on the Government side in the Franco-Chinese affair—covering the whole Empire, offering an outlet for restless spirits and fostering a united and patriotic feeling, would be more reliable and effective, an idea which seemed to receive immediate confirmation from without in the stand a handful of burghers were making in the Transvaal.

Sir Robert Hart knows his Chinese only too well, otherwise one would be hardly disposed to credit the fact that the Boxer rising was to a certain extent the outcome of the Boer revolt. Sir Robert explains, among other things, how it was that some two or three thousand people managed to live throughout the long siege. All the refugees had been instructed to bring their own provisions, and fortunately they did so; while close to the Legation were three large European stores and also several Chinese shops of various kinds, and from all of these everything likely to be useful was brought in as fast as possible: rice, flour, meal, fuel, tinned stores, preserves, as well as cottons, silks, and satins.

As to the future, that it will have a "yellow" question, perhaps a yellow "peril" to deal with, "is as certain as that the sun will shine to-morrow." We cannot change the dynasty, thinks Sir Robert, wherefore we shall probably make the best of it, but condone it and support it, after which, looking into the future, he sees, twenty millions or more of Boxers armed, drilled, disciplined, and animated by patriotic—if mistaken—motives. They "will make residence in China impossible for foreigners, will take back from foreigners everything foreigners have taken from China, will pay off old grudges with interest, and will carry the Chinese flag and Chinese arms into many a place that even fancy will not suggest to-day, thus preparing for the future upheavals and disasters never even dreamt of.

In fifty years' time there will be millions of Boxers in serried ranks and war's

panoply at the call of the Chinese Government; there is not the slightest of that! And if the Chinese Government continues to exist, it will not and it will be quite right to encourage—uphold, and develop this national movement; it bodes no good for the rest of the world, but China will, within its right, and will carry through the national programme! No partition—a difficult and unlikely national settlement—or a miraculous Christianity in its best form—a not impossible, but scarcely to be relied upon religious triumph—will defer, will avert this result: is either the one or the other within the limits of practical politics or practical propagandism, not!



This sketch represents a Scots Guard after several months' campaigning in South Africa. The Guards, when they left London in their black uniform, were almost unrecognisable, but the disguise is complete now when the men are bearded and their clothes are much the worse for wear.

A WAR-HARDENED WARRIOR

Facsimile of a Sketch by Lieutenant Angus McNeill

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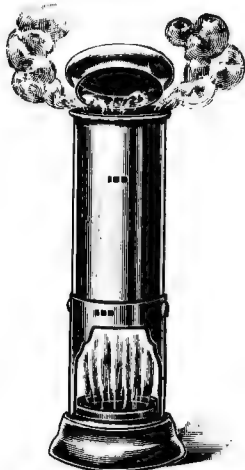
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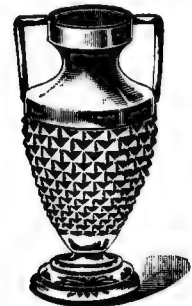
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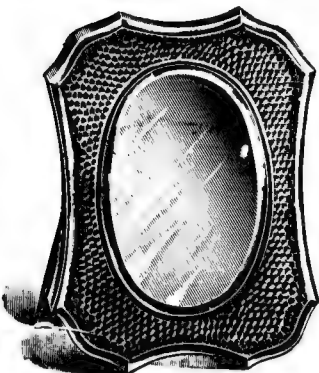
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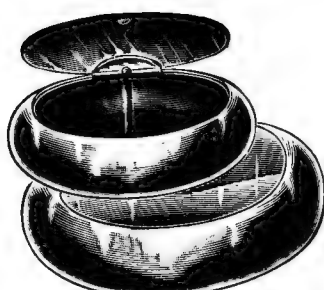
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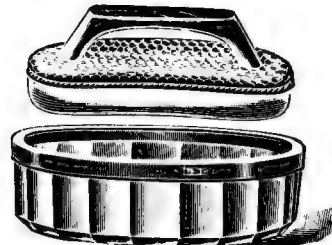
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE streams are high, the rain remains in the ruts, the commons are sodden with surface moisture, and the smaller country lanes are nearly as impassable as any leading London thoroughfare. The total rainfall of the year has not yet been anything seriously above an average, but the surface water has not drained away at all rapidly, and if we have a wet December the country can hardly escape very destructive floods. With all that has been done in the way of drainage during the present century it is surprising how much remains to be accomplished, particularly in the matter of stormy rain-water in reservoirs properly protected from evaporation and the solar rays. The water companies have rendered the average householder quite careless as to rain-water. The farmer has been a grumbler of late, for the land works very heavily or is not workable at all. A pause, however, is no disadvantage in the eleventh month, and with wheat at 26s. 3d. per quarter it is wiser not to sow. The labours of the flail may with equal prudence be suspended until frosty weather brings back a thirty-shilling quotation.

THE FARMERS' CLUB

The November meeting which has just been held was well attended, the address by Mr. Tristram Eve being on a subject interesting to every tenant-farmer. The Agricultural Holdings' Acts of 1895 and 1900 have not to our knowledge been so exhaustively compared before. Mr. Eve's remarks were for the most part too technical for reproduction here, but he considered the three chief gains of the new Act to be: (1) The application of any form of manure may be charged for by the tenant without either consent or notice; (2) the consumption on the farm of food not produced on the holding to be allowed as an improvement; (3) the laying down temporary pasture with clover grass, lucerne, sainfoin and other grass seeds sown more than two years prior to the determination of the tenancy to be allowed as an improvement. It is clear that the new Act necessitates the landlord keeping a much larger balance than formerly to meet the claims for compensation.

CAPITAL AND THE LAND

When Kant endeavoured to distinguish between "pure reason" and "practical reason" he set metaphysicians a problem over which they still wrangle. In matters of legislation the difference between the abstract and the concrete improvement is often clear enough. In the abstract, for example, it is a gain to the State to encourage all occupiers to improve the land which they occupy, and it is mere justice that they should be paid for the improvements when their occupation ceases and they leave the improved land behind them. But the practical working out of this in the shutting up of capital against the contingency of a heavy bill for improvements is not at all so satisfactory. The landlord is now in the position of a bank which never knows when there will be a run on its resources. He can no longer make provision except by keeping a maximum floating balance, for the tenant is no longer under the least necessity for letting him know what is going on. The State adds one more to its interferences between adults, and having settled what are "improvements" leaves the tenant a free hand.

FIXITY OF FARM TENURE

The laws are steadily being modified in the direction of increasing the control of the occupant over the land he occupies, but no attempt is being made to induce him to acquire it. The policy

of the hour is to make the farmer more at home than the owner, for the former knows when his rent is paid that no further claims will arrive, while the latter never knows what he may have to pay for improvements made without any notice far less consent. At this price the owner gets a clear title, and is not hampered by any form of tenant right. This is the compromise made between the Liberal and Conservative elements in the present Government. But in arranging to thus satisfy two important interests one vital consideration has been ignored. We should induce the farmer as much as possible to acquire the land he farms, and not to get what he can out of it and then move on. The national interest in this respect is even more important than that of "the two contracting parties."

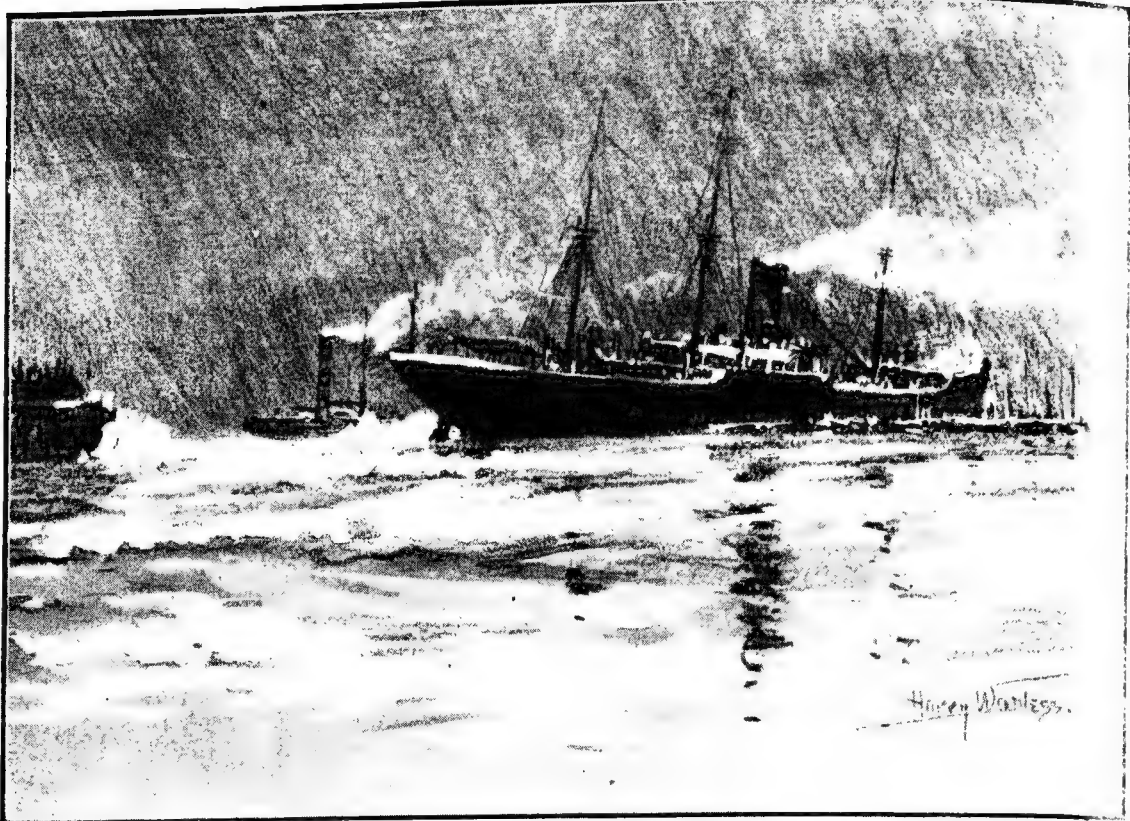
POULTRY

"A profitable hen is a young hen" is now the first axiom of professional poultry breeders. The hen lives ten years if well fed and cared for, but three years is the longest life accorded to her on an up-to-date poultry farm. No need for old-age pensions attaches to the case of the feathered biped. Poultry breeders sell their hens

at thirty months old when they can get a florin for them, or at thirty-six months when they can get eighteenpence. It is a law of maxim that after forty months it is better to kill the hen than nothing than go on keeping her. The severity of this policy is largely due to the discovery that it is the limited poultry trade which alone really pays its way. It seems to be an industry which is unprofitable at either end. The keeper of a few fowls never gets back what he gives them in cost and trouble, and the big wholesale ventures are said never to pay. On the other hand, a poultry farm, looked after by the owner, his wife, and a couple of intelligent hands should yield a steady profit. But the number of fowls must be fixed, and so the old must go.

FAT STOCK SHOWS

Norwich holds its "Christmas show" before November is over, and in this respect is up to date with the most advanced "numbers" of the Press. The Birmingham connoisseurs of fat cattle follow hard on the East Anglian experts, and these two great towns, with their allied districts, pour their crowds of breeders, butchers and buyers into London early in December for the final glory of "Smithfield."



A Correspondent writes:—"Great excitement prevailed at Scarborough during the recent rough weather when it became known that a steamer was in distress off the port. Several of the local tugs, together with the lifeboat *Queensberry*, were despatched to render assistance at no small risk, as a south-west gale was blowing at the time. After about three hours' knocking about in the storm, the *Lord Warwick* taken in tow by the *Triumph* and the *Alexander*, and was towed to the ground just off the pier end. She now lies in a very dangerous position and dozens of small cobbles are taking the cargo (coals) out to lighten her if possible. The sea has gone down, and if divers arrive quickly she will be saved." Our sketch is by Harry Wanless.

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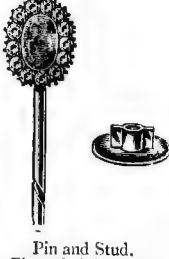
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DRAWN BY E. J. HAYES

The Queen received at Windsor Castle the other day a party of invalided Colonial Volunteers from South Africa. With Her Majesty were Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duke of Devonshire. The men numbered ninety, and they were dressed in a variety of uniforms. Some wore blue serge

and field-service caps, and others were in khaki of all shades and slouch hats. Windsor in the morning, and after a cordial reception from the townspeople, the Queen inspected them in St. George's Hall, the det.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY INSPECTS



FROM A SKETCH BY D. MACHERSON

of the inspection the Queen, addressing the men, said, "It is with the greatest pleasure that I welcome you here to-day, and I thank you all for your loyal service, and I wish you a safe return home." The commanding officer, Major R. F. M. I. M. Synges, for three cheers for the Queen, and the men cheered enthusiastically. A sergeant

called for one more, and there was another burst of cheers, each Colony responding in special fashion, the Australian national call "Awoye!" being very noticeable.

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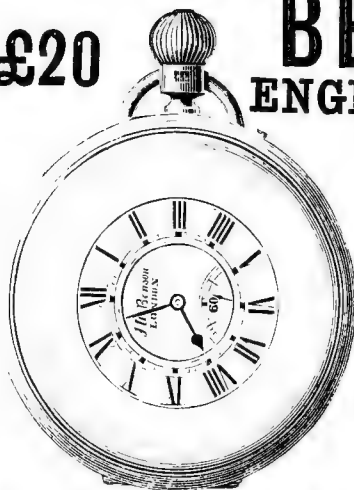
is not always practised in Great Britain so effectively as on the Continent. Many of the delicate soups and entrées now peculiar to French Cooking could be easily and cheaply prepared from ingredients which some housewives consider useless, if only they would add a tiny quantity of flavouring

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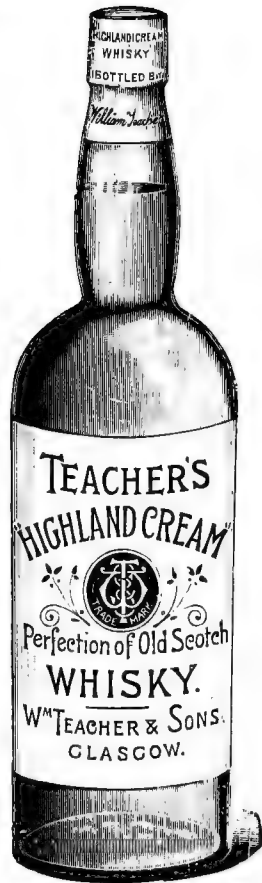
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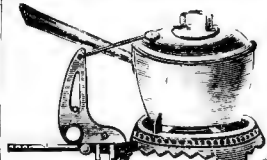
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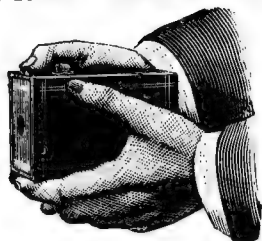
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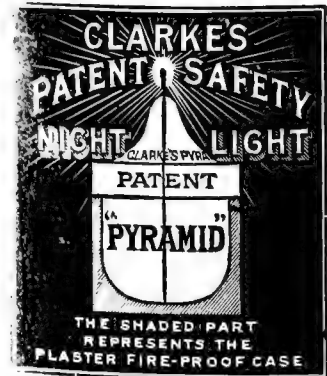
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New Novels

"MEN OF MARLOWE'S"

NONE who remember, that is to say none who have read, Mrs. Henry Dudeney's "The Maternity of Harriot Wicken," "Hagar of Homerton," and "Folly Corner," will need any inducement beyond her name upon the title-page to add her "Men of Marlowe's" (John Long) to their pleasures of memory. It is a volume of stories, of which a certain tendency to morbidness of subject is more than redeemed by virility of style and wholesomeness of humour. The tales have a formal connection as episodes in the lives of various occupants of chambers in "Marlowe's Inn," just off Holborn, the majority grouping themselves round a certain fatal "Set No. 7," which appears to be haunted by murder and suicide. The life described is of that Bohemian order of which it is safe to surmise that a lady novelist derives her knowledge rather from reading than from observation; but to say this is not to deny either the truth or the vigour of the description. A few of the episodes are in a lighter vein, as that of the "Political Woman," who is cured by an over-dose of her own notions; and there is a striking one—quite in the best French manner—of the curio-hunter, who mortgages his body to a surgeon for a coveted cabinet, then, seized with remorse for such a bargain, destroys the price of his shame only to find that "the Doctor 'twas that died." Among the innumerable volumes of short stories it is refreshing and encouraging to find one of so much genuine distinction.

"MODERN BROODS"

"Modern Broods; or, Developments Unlooked For," is the full title of Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge's new novel (Macmillan and Co.). That Miss Yonge does not like these unlooked-for develop-

ments is clear enough, from the obvious pains she takes to pass her dislike on to her readers. As is usual in her more recent work, all her characters are children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces and so forth of the young people of former stories. As each of these has had a story or at least an episode of his or her own, reviewers, at any rate, should be provided with an annotated genealogical table as aid to their efforts to remember who is who, and to appreciate the new turns and combinations of the play. The framework, "Modern Broods," is the position of a young woman—an angel with a little property—who undertakes the care of four unprovided-for half-sisters, each terribly troublesome in her separate way. Into the frame come from Ceylon, Italy, Australia, and elsewhere, hosts of former young folk, of course grown older, some with wives, some with new young folk of their own, and all with some special interest—sisterhoods, missions, science, art, and so on, and so on. The principal incidents are the sudden death in the Zoological Gardens of a little Australian child through delight and excitement at the sight of a kangaroo; and a shipwreck in which the best of the Brood is drowned. Finally we are promised a continuation of the family chronicle; and we can only congratulate the numbers of readers who doubtless have all its members and their doings by heart, and have hitherto followed it with undiminished and undiminishable interest, on the good news. We trust, however, that it will be duly accompanied by that annotated pedigree.

"JOAN BROTHERHOOD"

The field of human nature has by this time been so well covered by fiction, that there is, no doubt, an increasing difficulty in avoiding what is commonplace without falling into what is improbable. That is to say, in the case of a novel of life and character—for, of course, the more wildly improbable is a novel of plot and incident, the better will its readers be pleased. Mr. Bernard

Capes's "Joan Brotherhood" (C. Arthur Pearson) is a story of former class; it is notably and powerfully the opposite of the commonplace, but its distinction is unquestionably obtained at the cost of the qualities that carry conviction. It is anything but to comprehend a heroine who, having married the man she will not allow him to acknowledge the marriage lest it interfere with her career; that is a proceeding impossible to follow, however accordant it may be with masculine calculation. Still less comprehensible is Joan's elopement with a man she detests, despite all the force with which the situation is described—indeed at almost every point and turn, she is a woman who would act, and feels as no woman would feel. Not less, both she and her story will be found to exercise a fascination at variance with their failure to excite sympathy. If sympathy, however, does not imply lack of pathos, which is found, in its inseparable conjunction with humour, in as couple of old fellows as were ever found outside the pages of Dickens.

"VANITY!"

"Vanity! The Confessions of a Court Modiste," as it is called her new novel (T. Fisher Unwin), is, surely, a title calculated to whet the most jaded appetite. What revelations might be anticipated from such a quarter? what professional mysteries would be mysteries no more? It is with proportionate sorrow that we found nothing in the confessions themselves to justify the promise of the title-page. The modiste has really nothing to confess but a burglarious husband, and an unrequited affection for a fascinatingly impudent young Irish gentleman, her partner, doubt the gorgeousness of the costumes turned out by the establishment will be widely appreciated, and just possibly some of its customers may find "Rita's" caps fit as well as Madame's *Mohs et M.*

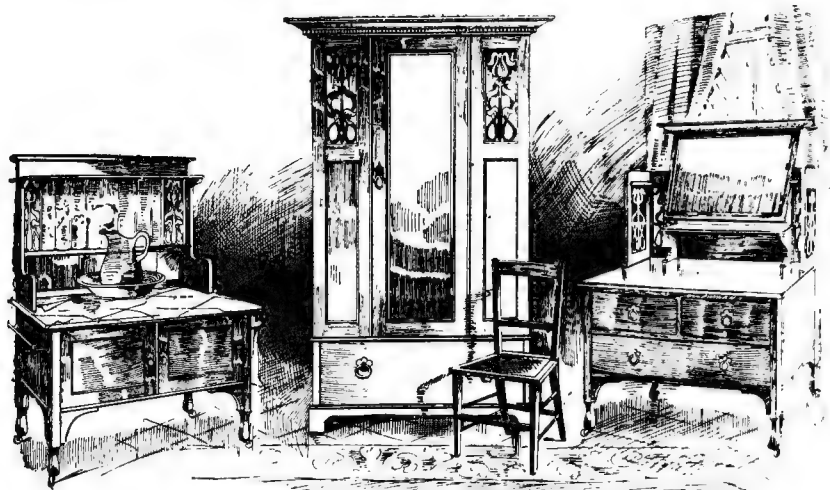
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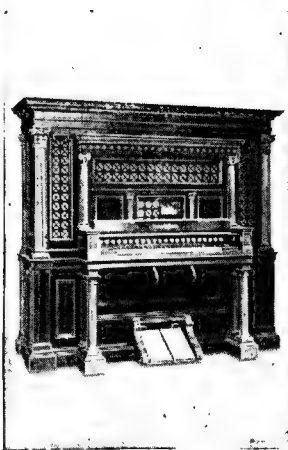
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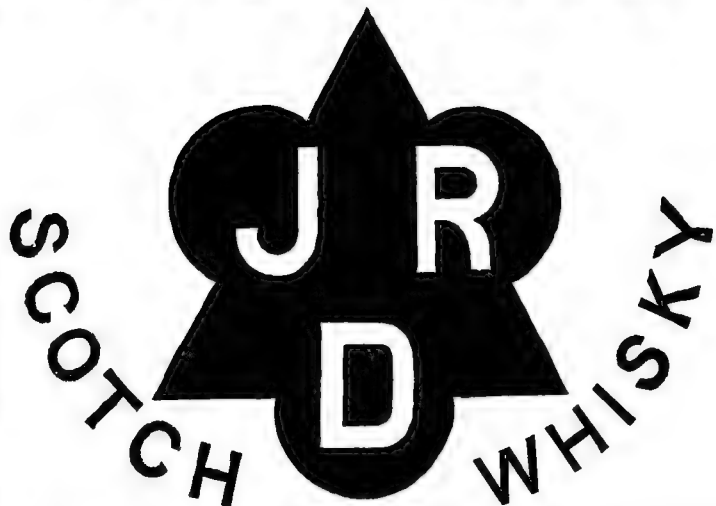
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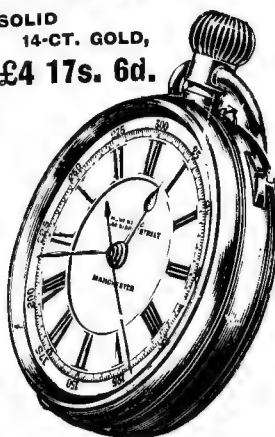
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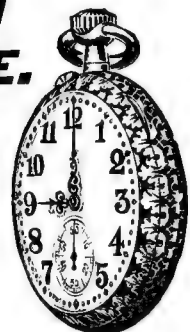
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EVERYONE who has wandered in Northern France will recognise the truth and humour of Mr. Phil May's sketches in Picardy which forms one of our Supplements. The "typical landscape," with its never-ending line of gaunt poplars, is very characteristic, while the open-air mountebank performance is a scene constantly to be met with in wayside villages. We came across such a troupe as this not long since—and a merry family they were—always bright and lively when in mufti, while peeling potatoes, washing salad, or mending dilapidated garments. As the time for the performance drew near they vanished into their caravan, whence they reappeared in all the glories of spangles and tights, and proceeded to summon their audience by blare of trumpet and beat of drum. The performance itself reminded one somewhat of the antics of the acrobats in the London streets a quarter of a century since, and was highly relished by the worthy peasants.

"A White Woman in Central Africa"

MISS HELEN CADDICK has the distinction of being the first lady who travelled alone and for pleasure in Central Africa, but her modest little volume (Fisher Unwin) contains no perilous adventures, no hairbreadth escapes, such as the reader by long habit has learnt to look upon as part of the inevitable in any book dealing with the Dark Continent. What, however, she does give is a most interesting account of the development of British Central Africa and of the work that is being quietly accomplished by missionaries and others in that region. Miss Caddick travelled from the Zambesi to Lake Tanganyika, covering over 1,000 miles of her journey in a "machila" or rude hammock swung from poles. She found the people invariably good-natured and trustworthy, but she seems to have doubts as to whether the introduction of our civilisation amongst them will prove an unmingled blessing. They

are discarding their loincloths for cheap and ugly European clothing, neglecting their native industries, and buying the inferior articles at the stores, and, crowning horror, beginning to erect brick houses in place of their picturesque huts. But then, as the Marquis Ito said the other day, our civilisation is not beautiful.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.—It is difficult to realise that we are only a few weeks from Christmas, but we are reminded of the fact by the arrival of a selection of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Son's Christmas cards, calendars, and toy looks. The firm cater to every class of customer. There are exquisite photographs and platinotypes to tempt those who have money to spend, and there are cheap packets of cards for those whose purses are slender. Moreover, there is a freshness in the display that Messrs. Tuck put forth each year, and now, with the spirit of the times, they dedicate their collection as "For Our Empire." For beauty of design, ingenuity, and artistic merit the productions of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Son would be hard to beat.

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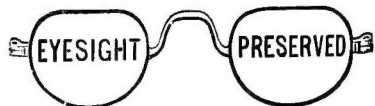
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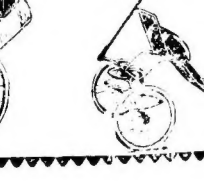
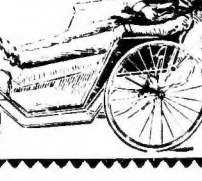
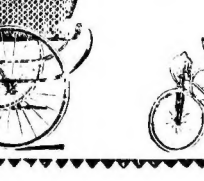
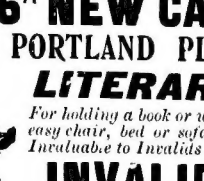
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